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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 18, 1874.

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SOUTH CAROLINA.

The memorial of the tax-payers of South Carolina which has been laid before Congress, and the statements made by the delegation to the President, are of the utmost importance, and deserve the most serious consideration. We are unwilling to believe the report that in the interview the President made the speech of a foolish orator in the tax-payers' convention a pretext for virtual indifference to the representations of the committee. For the condition of South Carolina is undoubtedly deplorable, and if the Administration and Congress can properly do any thing to relieve it, they are bound by every patriotic and humane consideration not to delay. But the situation seems to be hopeless when the committee themselves go to General Butler to invite his assistance, because it shows that they are not aware that he is the chief representative of the very spirit and method which they oppose. Of course the appeal of the State is at first considered to be anomalous and absurd, and the reply swiftly offered is that South Carolina must work out her own salvation. But South Carolina is an integral part of the Union. When she cherished human slavery, every State was hurt, and at last the nation went to war. Now that she cherishes ignorance and corruption, every State is imperiled. The foot and the hand are separate members, but a wound in either may destroy the whole body. What, then, is the situation in South Carolina, and what is the remedy?

The State is governed by a combination of shrewd and unprincipled white men, some native and others strangers, who control the enormous colored vote, which they hold as representatives of the national Republican party, to which the colored citizens owe their political rights. This combination preys upon the State by laws which under the form of taxation virtually confiscate the income of property. The report of the City Treasurer of Charleston shows that nearly one-third of the yearly taxation is in default, and the property it represents subject to sale. More than 288,000 acres of land, with the buildings on it, were forfeited in 1872 for the small aggregate sum of $32,000, or twelve cents an acre, which the owners were unable to pay. The speaker for the Chamber of Commerce told the President that he knew of certain good tenement-houses kept in fine order and valued for taxation at $100,000. They are satisfactorily rented, but after paying small repairs, insurance, and taxes, the owner has not realized a cent during the last year. We know of an eligible estate with an unexceptionable title sold in Charleston a few weeks since at a referee's sale and after due public notice. The lot was 200 feet by 200, upon which was a large dwelling-house of fourteen rooms in good condition, the lot inclosed in front by a brick wall and iron gate costing since the war $2900. The estate sold for $2000. But it was assessed by the State and city for taxation at $12,000, which with the insurance made an annual charge of $560. There was a mortgage of $7000 upon the property, and the sale was to satisfy this debt. The arrears, costs, and homestead reserved to widow amounted to one hundred dollars more than the sale. The mortgage was held by a widow living in Philadelphia, who told her agent not to bid on the property, as she already owned $200,000 worth of real estate in Charleston, which was an expense to her.

The taxes in the city on bank capital are nearly six per cent., so that thirteen per cent. is the lowest at which money can be had on the best security in the banks. The credit of the State was lost by fraudulent issues of bonds, and the authorities, as the Chamber of Commerce says, not only repudiate their own issues, but reduce to half their value the honest bonds for which honest creditors have paid their money.

"Nor are the sums so realized," says another authority, "enormous as they are, applied in payment of the obligations of the State; the payment of the interest on her debt, the repairs to her highways, the support of her industrial, educational, and benevolent institutions, must all be postponed to the rapacity of a gang of thieves who plunder her Treasury, and expend their ill-gotten gains in every conceivable form of licentious indulgence. There is no public opinion to awe or restrain them, for they boast of a constituency too servile to be incensed, and too poor to feel the tyranny which taxation imposes upon property. Nor do they stand in fear of the law, whose penalties are held out to restrain evil-doers. The courts are their creatures, as servile to their wishes as the so-called sovereigns whom they represent: so that in every department, executive, legislative, and judicial, the mildew of corruption lies thickly incrusted, and beneath this blight the moral and material interests of the State are hastening rapidly to decay."

The peril is so imminent and extreme that the "conservatives," as they are called, have made no Democratic nominations, but have supported Republican candidates of both colors pledged to reform. The committee speak highly of the colored delegation in Congress, and Mr. Elliott, one of that delegation, recently made a speech to his constituents, in which he warned them that the national Republican party would not sustain such enormous and incessant outrages. Ineffectual efforts have been made to break the power of the ring which threatens to ruin the State, but its power seems to be impregnable, and at last the appeal for relief is made to Congress and the President.

What is the remedy for such a threatening evil? What can be constitutionally done? First of all, every intelligent person in South Carolina ought to understand that nothing can be suddenly done. Vast and undeniable as the evil is, the class that suffers most from it must not forget that it was its own choice. The wealth and intelligence of South Carolina invoked civil war, and of course invited all the consequences. They knew that defeat was possible, and that defeat was emancipation. Defeat and emancipation came, and the same class, deluded by Andrew Johnson, tried to thwart and outwit the government. The only way to secure the liberty that had been justly proclaimed was to establish civil and political equality. This involved great risks, but they must be taken, and they were properly taken. Here, then, was not a political revolt quelled, but a universal political, social, and industrial revolution accomplished, amidst the angriest passions and the most relentless prejudices. We say this not as partisans, but as spectators, and to remind the intelligent citizens of South Carolina that a community which has been so wholly disintegrated can not hope for full restoration for many and many a year. But this is only a more pressing reason for using every practicable restorative means in the interest not of South Carolina alone, but of the Union.

When the memorial of the tax-payers was presented in the House, Mr. Randall, Democrat, from Pennsylvania, thought that the reference to the Judiciary Committee savored of centralization, because Congress could not interfere with the State, etc.; and Mr. Dawes said that while the character of the citizens who made the appeal was such as to justify inquiry, he did not see that Congress could do any thing. But may not the Executive? The machine is worked by the ring in South Carolina under the supposed authority of the Republican Administration at Washington. The representatives of that authority in the eyes of the mass of the new voters are the national officers in the State. Now if those officers were selected from the most intelligent and upright citizens—from men brave enough to be honest at all hazards and to scorn all complicity with rascals, and shrewd enough not to be deceived by knavery—they would be at once sustained by all the better part of the community, and the mass of voters would begin to suspect that the honest national officers, and not the State rascals, represented the national Republican party to which they wish to defer. There is no doubt of the situation in South Carolina. The testimony is conclusive and overwhelming. It is time that the country heard and heeded. It is time that the sagacity which selected Mr. Orr as minister to Russia should prevail in all the Executive appointments in his State. The spirit of the reform which the President has at least proclaimed demands it. The issue of honest administration which now threatens to divide the Republican party necessitates it. Mr. Carpenter asks whether the party thinks that it can carry Louisiana into the next election. We ask whether it can carry South Carolina. And we ask again why the party that abolishes the salary grab and the franking system, and which, we do not doubt, means to abolish the moieties and the Sanborn contracts, does not right, as nearly as is possible, by Congressional or Executive action, whenever either is practicable, the conspicuous and menacing wrongs both of Louisiana and South Carolina.

THE INFLATION DEBATE AND VOTE.

In the long Congressional debate upon the financial situation one thing is very conspicuous, and that is that the ability has been wholly upon the side of those who are opposed to inflation. In the House not one important speech has been made in favor of an unsound and false currency, while in the Senate Mr. Morton is the sole inflationist of acknowledged force. The character of the speeches upon either side is equally striking. The advocates of an honest currency have stood upon principles as sound and precious as the gold for which they contend—principles acknowledged by all the masters of financial science, and approved by universal experience. They have stated in the clearest manner the simplest elements of the subject, and so fully and intelligently, that a careful study of the best financial speeches during the session would be an admirable course in that branch of political economy. The best speakers have shown quite as much theoretical knowledge and practical familiarity with the subject as has ever been shown in Congress. Webster was not more comprehensive, nor Clay more lucid. The argument which has been presented is unanswerable, and it will be surely vindicated by the future.

The opposing argument for irredeemable paper and inflation, for the violation of solemn pledges, and the millennium of shinplasters, assignats, and Continental currency, has been worthy of the theme. It has consisted of derision and denial of the most settled principles; of the assertion that there is some essential peculiarity in men and business in this country which annuls the laws of exchange that prevail elsewhere; that there is a "legitimate" demand for false promises to pay to serve as "money;" that they are not false promises, because they are guaranteed by all the wealth of the country; that "the people" want more "money;" and that those who oppose the demand are capitalists and usurers and bloated millionaires of blue blood, who would fain grind the face of the honest and toiling millions. Those who have urged this argument have, indeed, carried the House by a very large majority, and have just secured the Senate. But a study of the votes shows, again, that almost without exception in both Houses the representative names are recorded upon the side of an honest currency and the public honor. Viewed politically, the survey shows that, with the exception of Senator Bayard, the most powerful and uncompromising speakers against inflation have been Republicans, while a very large majority of the Democrats in the House voted for inflation, and in the Senate they have been about equally divided. It is noticeable, also, that in the Senate Mr. Morrill and Mr. Schurz called themselves "the minority," as opposed to Mr. Logan and the inflationists, who were "the majority." The use of the words is significant, for they usually imply the members of the two great parties. Do they foreshadow new combinations?

A study of the debate and of the circumstances and feeling of the country shows that the most disastrous act of recent legislation is not partisan in the ordinary sense. The Republicans, indeed, control Congress, and are therefore by political usage responsible for the most important legislation. But all the Republican chiefs in Congress, with the sole exception of Mr. Morton, and all the most representative Republican papers in the country, with very few exceptions, like the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, have strenuously opposed the inflation which has been authorized. On the other hand, a very large majority of the Republicans in the House voted for it, and in the Senate they have been divided. We do not say this to evade the Republican responsibility, but to illustrate the political situation. It shows that the party is divided upon one of the most vital of the issues before the country, and that its unity is destroyed. Now a financial policy is not a question upon which there may properly and naturally be divisions within a party. When, as now, the finances are the chief interest, and when the ablest leaders are on one side, and the majority in Congress upon the other, the party has passed its prime. General Hawley, of Connecticut, one of the soundest, most upright, and able of the newer Republicans in Congress, following Mr. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, of whom the same praise must be as warmly spoken, in a speech upon the finances—and both among the best of the session—said that he could not vote for any man for office, not for his best friend, if he held wrong views upon this subject. And how could he? Every Republican in other days knew honest supporters of slavery, but he would have cut off his hand rather than have voted for them, because he believed slavery to be fatal to the public welfare. Does he believe inflation to be any less so, although in another way? Must he not, then, do as General Hawley says that he will be forced to do? And what does that involve?

THE SANBORN CONTRACTS.

The interest of the winter in Washington, with the exception of the inflation debate, has not centred upon Congress, but upon the investigations. The moieties and the Sanborn contracts have fixed the eager popular attention, and a more naked swindle than the Sanborn affair was never exposed to the public gaze. When the Secretary of the Treasury came before the committee he said that he had never paid special attention to the law or the contracts under it, but thought that the law should be repealed. Why? It can only be because he thinks that wrong has been done, that there is truth in the charges made. And all the time the Secretary has himself virtually the power to repeal the law, because he can at any moment annul the contracts!

The Secretary says that he signs papers, in the ordinary routine of business, relying in great part upon trusted subordinates. But when contracts are made to collect taxes for the Treasury, half of the sum to be paid to the collector, who is not a regular revenue officer, and when all of those taxes are being collected through the regular revenue officers; when the law under which the special agents are appointed is not mandatory, but discretionary, and provides that if appointed they shall assist the regular officers; and when the Secretary's legal adviser instructs the regular officers to assist the agents; and when the amount to be paid to those agents is left to the Secretary, and he makes it fifty per cent.; and when any money is collected from any person named upon the contractor's list, whether he collects it or not, the contractor is to receive half of it; and when the Secretary's solicitor instructs the attorneys of the United States to sue, at the instance of the special agent, without reference to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue; and when the country is full of wonder and indignation at the daily disclosures—is the Secretary of the Treasury satisfied to say that he really knows nothing about it? Is it, then, untrue that a contract was made in August, 1872, between John D. Sanborn, of Boston, and William A. Richardson, Acting Secretary of the Treasury? Or if it were made, was it one of the "thousand documents" which the Secretary must sign every day, but "very few of which he can examine?"

The facts which appeared upon the trial of Sanborn at Brooklyn were amazing. The prosecution failed upon a point of law. But who is upon trial? Who was it that procured the passage of the law, and why was so enormous a percentage of reward allowed? The ostensible reason for such an extraordinary law is that it will secure to the Treasury dues that must otherwise be lost. But Commissioner Douglass, of the Internal Revenue Bureau, disposes of this plea by stating that the delinquent taxes contained in the Sanborn contracts were in course of regular collection when the contracts were made, and when Mr. Banfield, the Solicitor of the Treasury, instructed Mr. Bliss, District Attorney in New York, and the internal supervisors and collectors, that they were not to receive payment—in other words, when Mr. Banfield instructed them not to do their duty. Every fact of the evidence shows that somebody designed a raid upon the Treasury under the forms of law. Sanborn's raid under the law as expounded was the largest, and there has as yet been nothing offered to show that there was any necessity whatever either of appointing him or of offering him so enormous a reward. The Secretary of the Treasury, then Acting Secretary, signed the contract. Why did he sign? Mr. Douglass says, what is undoubtedly true, that Sanborn would have been content with ten per cent. of the amount recovered instead of fifty. And he adds that all the good result to be expected from the outside agent could have been obtained by a law authorizing a percentage to the regular officers. Why was not the extra inducement offered first to the regular officers? What influence persuaded the Secretary to sign the contract, the legal authority of which he now wishes to see repealed? And what shall be said of a Secre-

tary who yields to such influences? These seem to us to be very difficult and disagreeable questions.

LEGISLATIVE "GENEROSITY."

A very curious and instructive incident in legislation might have been lately observed in the New York Legislature. On Tuesday the Assembly voted, by 55 to 38, to give $90,000 to Dr. Swinburne, the recent Health Officer of the port of New York, an office not ill paid already. On Wednesday, by a vote of 108 to 8, the Assembly struck out the grant. The gift was not made until after discussion, and after further discussion the next day it was revoked. Did the members vote away $90,000 from the people of the State in culpable ignorance, or was there bribery, which fear of exposure drove to reverse the vote? The figures show that the last theory is not tenable, and the conclusion is forced upon us that the Assembly were willing ignorantly to squander the money. Mr. Batcheller said, in supporting the reconsideration, that members voted "from the generosity of their hearts." But what generosity is there in giving away the money of other people? The treasury of the State is merely the depository of money contributed by all the people for public and common purposes. No legislator has a right to be generous with it. Indeed, he virtually swears not to be, for private gifts of money are not contemplated by the Constitution. And if members of the Assembly wish to give away the public money "from the generosity of their hearts," why not distribute a sum of $90,000 among ninety needy farmers in the interior, instead of bestowing it in a lump upon a gentleman who has made a large fortune by holding the most lucrative office in the State? If ninety thousand dollars may be given by the Legislature from generosity, so may nine hundred thousand.

But it was a claim? Yes, and let us see of what kind. It was urged that Dr. Swinburne had paid certain expenses from his own funds. But the law expressly provided at the time of his appointment that he should pay them from his own funds. After he left the office the law was changed. Does that give him a claim? What a pleasant precedent it would be that the legal increase of the salary or the fees of any office should entitle those who had held the office before the increase, and their heirs, to "claim" their due proportion! Again, the bill for which fifty-five members "generously" voted stated that this claim "is hereby audited, ascertained, and allowed." The object of this phrasing was to prevent the auditing and ascertaining, and to secure the allowance without investigation. Mr. Charles S. Spencer was a very prominent advocate of the grant, as he has been of others of a very suspicious character. But the Assembly summarily disposed of the subject by the conclusive vote we have mentioned.

The offense of ignorant "generosity," however, remains. The Supply Bill had been put upon its final passage, and if Mr. Badger had not moved to strike out this grant, the "generosity" of the House would have authorized the grossest injustice to the people of the State. What similar generosities there may be left in the bill we do not know. But the State may safely trust the Governor to ascertain them, and to refuse his assent to them. The public mind is thoroughly aroused to the tricks and sophistries which strive to win executive approval to appropriations which are mere robberies. The Congressional salary grab, it was alleged last year, was signed to save the great Supply Bill of the government, and to spare the expense of an extra session. The President could have done nothing more righteous or more popular than to veto the bill, and to throw the responsibility of any expense for an extra session upon Congress, which had necessitated the veto. Governor Dix would not, we believe, hesitate a moment to veto any supply bill in which he detected grants of public money "generously" given to private individuals under the pretense of "claims."

A MEMORIAL TO AGASSIZ.

The life-long hope and labor of Agassiz was the permanent foundation of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of which he was the author. And the natural wish of those who knew best the value of his labors, and who would piously cherish the memory of a great and devoted scholar, is to fulfill his hope and crown his labor. Already a hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed toward the endowment and maintenance of the museum, which would be his most fitting memorial. The design embraces a collection of natural objects, which, as Agassiz used to say, shall be worthy of the New World, and a school open to all teachers in the country. He chose for himself the name of teacher. By that title he describes himself in his will. And as a teacher, and the most able, enthusiastic, simple, and instructive of teachers, he is remembered by those whom he has taught—that is to say, by all who knew him. It is the hope of those who have the memorial in charge that teachers and pupils every where in the country may like to give something, however small, upon the birthday of Agassiz, the 28th of May, 1874, toward the proposed characteristic monument to the teacher. This fund will be kept separate as the Teachers' and Scholars' Memorial Fund, and the income will be applied to the expenses of the museum. Remittances may be sent to the treasurer, James M. Barnard, Boston.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XIII.

Fifteen feet below the surface of modern London, where now the vast warehouses and commercial buildings of England's merchants engross the trade of every clime, lie the remains of a magnificent city, whose opulence and beauty have been but faintly indicated by modern explorations. No active efforts have been made to reveal the wonders of the Roman metropolis of England. Larger, fairer, and more populous than Herculaneum or Pompeii, it has been suffered to rest unnoticed and almost forgotten, except where a few casual excavations have brought to view the rich pavements of its villas and temples, and the various works of art or of common use that prove the cultivation and refinement of its people. One important trait of the greatness of the buried city, however, may still be readily traced. Its tall and massive walls, carefully faced with smooth stone and defended by frequent towers, outlasted all the revolutions of the Saxon and the Norman period, defended the city of Alfred and of the Plantagenets, gave names to the various gateways and streets that marked its circuit, and may still be seen in huge masses of stone-work that rise above the surface of the earth in St. Giles's Church-yard and in the neighborhood of the Tower. A street called London Wall probably followed a part of its inner line. The length of the Roman rampart was more than a mile, from the Tower to Ludgate Hill, and its breadth about half a mile, inclosing within an irregular square sufficient room to contain a population of several hundred thousand persons, and covered with a dense array of splendid or comfortable buildings that seem to have imitated the magnificence of the Eternal City.

The Thames, the parent of London in every age, was already in the Roman period the centre of commerce, and British fleets were renowned in the age of Constantine and Diocletian. That broad alluvial basin in which the city lies surrounded by a range of moderate elevations seems early to have attracted the settler and the trader. Its convenient and level surface has formed from the opening of history the stage on which some of the chief scenes in the drama of man's existence have been exhibited. Looking down from the hills of Highgate over the dim and misty evening landscape, one may see Briton, Roman, Saxon, Norman, kings and knights, Puritans and Cavaliers, enter the narrow circuit of the Roman Wall, perform their brief and too often tragic parts, and glide spectre-like away. But of the Roman occupation of London there seems even less of reality than of that of any other race. They came from the distant south to the misty river, built on its banks one of their fairest capitals, flourished for a few centuries, and then abandoned their fine houses, their temples, and their altars to the barbarian and the stranger. They seem to have fled with the departing legions or perished in the fierce inroads of the Saxons. The Roman city sank into an utter decay. Within the limits of the walls not even a temple nor a circus has survived the flow of years. The earth has gathered thickly over the scene of ruin, and it is only when some deep excavation is made in the pebbly soil that the rare traces of the lost city appear.

Yet enough has been unfolded of its early magnificence to enable the careful antiquarian to reconstruct its fallen habitations, and revive the transitory vision of the Roman capital of Briton. From its central mile-stone the great roads of the province, built of massive stone-work, and lasting until late in the Norman period, ran northward to Scotland and westward to the borders of Wales. Watling Street formed a part of the western line; traces of the others may be found almost to the base of the Grampian Hills. They were covered no doubt in the period of Roman prosperity with throngs of travelers on foot, with chariots and wagons, with bands of soldiers marching to the defense of the wall of Hadrian, with swift messengers bearing the commands of the emperors from post to post. An extensive commerce found its centre on Cornhill or in Threadneedle Street, where now the Bank of England rules over modern trade. The houses of the city were built of stone or brick, and the fragments that have been casually discovered indicate their great size and their fair and costly decorations. Mosaic pavements of the richest workmanship, bright with varied colors, with flowers, fruit, and graceful figures, have been reached whenever the modern builders have penetrated the ancient site. The walls of the houses were of plaster, colored often with a delicate pink or blue, and painted by accomplished artists with a skill not surpassed in the Italian cities. The broken fragments still retain the rich coloring and the delicate designs that satisfied the taste of the Roman owners. Grouped along the narrow streets that ran from the Thames to the various gateways, the homes of the Latin race probably surpassed in elegance and grace the ruder though more extensive palaces that were built for Tudors and Plantagenets. They were provided with baths and heating-rooms, were covered with tiled roofs, and were evidently furnished with all the luxurious comfort of a Pompeian dwelling. Great numbers of vases of red Samian ware have been discovered that must have been imported from the factories of Etruria, and glass jars of graceful forms, enameled, and colored with the richest hues. The ruder kinds of earthenware were manufactured in large quantities in Britain. The houses were decorated with costly bronzes and countless statues. A profusion of domestic utensils, of knives, spoons, and scissors, weights and measures—the common conveniences of the kitchen and the laundry—indicate the usual habits of civilization. And it is not difficult to conceive that the homes of the Roman provincial nobility, from the age of Hadrian to the victorious rule of Theodosius, grew in splendor along the narrow streets within the Roman walls, that London had its Forum lined with Corinthian or Doric columns, its fair temples to Juno and to Jupiter, to Vesta and Minerva, and that it presented to the Briton and the Saxon an example of Southern civilization whose image could never have been wholly lost.

The Roman city evidently extended on both sides of the river. Beyond the walls remains of villas and country-houses have been found that show an extensive suburb. Long lines of tombs radiated on all sides, and have covered portions of the environs with the solemn traces of an Appian Way. It is evident that the capital was constantly enlarging; that trade and manufactures gave it at last a sure supremacy over York or Colchester, its early rivals; that it became the seat of the mint and the place of government; that it probably shared in the liberality of Hadrian and the favors of Constantine the Great. Large numbers of coins and money of different ages have been found in its sandy basin, armor and implements of war, and a huge bronze head of Hadrian that may have crowned a votive statue to the popular decorator of the provincial cities.

Of the graceful people who trod the well-paved streets and filled the London Forum some suggestive traces yet remain. One of the most touching is that of the bones of a woman's arm encircled by seven rich bracelets. Another, a woman's skeleton laden with ornaments of gold and gems. Both may have perished unnoticed when the fierce Saxons burst into the city, or in some mad scene of sack and carnage. A great variety of rings and bracelets, of turquoise and garnets, of ear-rings and breastpins, clasps and armlets, wrought with great taste, and proving the skill of the London jewelers, are found in the collections, and countless works of art that mark the extravagance of a high civilization. Several sandals for women, of small size and delicate form, show that small feet were prized by the Roman fair; nor is it likely that the beauty of the provincial ladies was surpassed by the modern throng that drive over their ashes through Rotten Row. In Britain, too, the Romans had diffused their schools and colleges, their literature as well as their more perishable arts. Large numbers of *styli* for writing have been discovered, and fragments of inkstands. The shops of the London Sosias may have been found not far from St. Paul's Church-yard, and the new poems of Horace and Virgil, Martial and Tibullus, were perhaps transcribed and read by an eager public where now the soft idyls of Tennyson and the graceful strains of Longfellow delight their countless readers. Livy probably taught the intelligent citizens the conception of republican virtue with more than Macaulay's vivid pictorial skill, or Tacitus startled their luxurious indolence with a stern historic satire upon the decay of Roman purity.

A striking religious reformation, too, must have passed over London. The missionaries from the East seem to have arrived early at the British capital. The voice of Christian prayer and praise resounded through all the splendid cities of Britain. The idols were torn down, the temples were converted into churches. Jupiter and Juno were forgotten in a religious revival. England became Christian, and Briton and Roman knelt at the simple services of the early Church. In its latest splendor, when it ruled over the British province, London must have abounded in Christian churches. And on the site of St. Mary-le-Bow, or where the graceful dome of St. Paul's rises over the immense metropolis, in some modest basilica, the faithful disciples of Paul and John probably preached the same living truths that are sometimes almost overwhelmed and lost in the dramatic ritual of Gregory and Augustine.

But almost mysteriously the splendid and cultivated city disappears from the eye of history. The Saxons entered the island, the Romans vanished away. A sudden desolation fell upon the fair streets of London, and from the fifth to the ninth century the work of destruction must have gone on incessantly. The fine houses of brick and stone crumbled away by some slow process of decay. Possibly in that dark and mysterious period London lay depopulated and deserted, the home of wild beasts, like Babylon and Tyre, or tenanted by a few fierce barbarians, who chanted the songs of Odin over the fallen basilicas, and aided in completing the ruin their ancestors had begun. For had the city been constantly inhabited, it is difficult to see how the buildings left by the Romans should have been wholly destroyed, or how the earth to the depth of fifteen feet could have been permitted to gather over the well-paved streets, and cover up the treasures that still lie buried beneath them. Some traces of a general conflagration are found above the pavements of the Roman houses, heaps of ashes, and charred and crumbling bones. The Saxons were heathens, worshiping their forest gods. They may have massacred the Christian population and set the city on fire. Yet even then, one might suppose, some massive and stately buildings would have survived the general wreck, some indestructible circus, or a few shattered yet stately columns. But none have yet been found. When London once more appears in history, in the ninth and tenth centuries, its houses seem to have been little better than rude huts and hovels covered with straw, its streets were unpaved and crooked lanes, its people were ignorant barbarians. Above the rich mosaics of the ancient pavements and the fair homes once adorned with the rarest skill of architects and artists the savage Saxons planted their rude colony, and founded a new nation that was to rise into more than Roman greatness. Alfred strove to spread among his miserable subjects the elements of Latin and Hebrew culture—to raise mankind again from the lowest degradation.

It would be well if some more careful and systematic examination of the remains of Roman London could be made. It is not creditable to the intelligence of the wealthiest of modern capitals that it has left this interesting period of its history to accidental explorations. Nor is it impossible that the early Saxons may have learned something from the poor and wasted fragments of the Roman city, or that some trace of the influence of the cultivated race that preceded them may yet be found in their rising civilization; that Livy and Tacitus may have inspired them with a love of freedom, and taught them their first conception of the rights of man.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In Congress the Finance Bill continued under discussion. Early in the week ending April 4 the inflationists were very strong in the Senate, and every proposition looking to a contraction of the currency in the future was voted down. On March 30 Mr. Morton moved to strike out the second section of the committee's bill, which provides for the redemption of United States notes to the amount of $1000, or any multiple thereof, in gold coin, or ten-year interest-bearing bonds. The section was stricken out by a vote of 28 yeas to 23 nays. An amendment providing for the redemption of United States notes to the amount of $100, or any multiple thereof, in coupon or registered ten-year five per cent. bonds of the United States, on the 1st of January, 1877, was rejected by a vote of 6 to 37. Toward the close of the week the inflationists evidently lost ground; on the 2d inst. it was agreed to fix the increase absolutely at forty-six millions of dollars—a limit much smaller than that which they thought they would be able to establish at the beginning of the week. In the House Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, and Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, made practical and effective speeches against the Free Banking Bill.

A strike in the machine-shops of the Erie Railroad, at Susquehanna Dépôt, Pennsylvania, which threatened serious consequences, was quelled by the prompt action of Governor Hartranft in sending troops to the scene of disturbance. The strikers had taken possession of the road, stopping all travel.

The public debt statement shows a reduction during March of $2,189,338.

William S. Schofield, convicted of embezzling money letters from the Boston Post-office, has been sentenced to three years in the State-prison.

The Mayor of Philadelphia has signed the Million Centennial Appropriation Bill.

The Director of the Mint reports the coinage at Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Carson, exclusive of minor coins and bars, during the month of March, as follows: Gold coin, $4,216,400; trade dollars, $502,000; subsidiary silver coin, $127,085; total, $4,845,485. Of the above amount the Mint at San Francisco coined over $3,000,000 in gold, and $250,000 in trade dollars.

The tenth ballot for United States Senator from Massachusetts was taken on the 4th inst. Mr. Dawes recei[illegible]8, Mr. Hoar 75, and Mr. Curtis 64.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cologne was arrested, March 31, for violating the ecclesiastical laws. The arrest was made without causing any excitement or demonstration.

The French steam-ship *Nil* was recently lost on the voyage from Hong-Kong to Yokohama, with the loss of eighty lives. Among the passengers were the Japanese commissioners to the late Vienna Exposition.

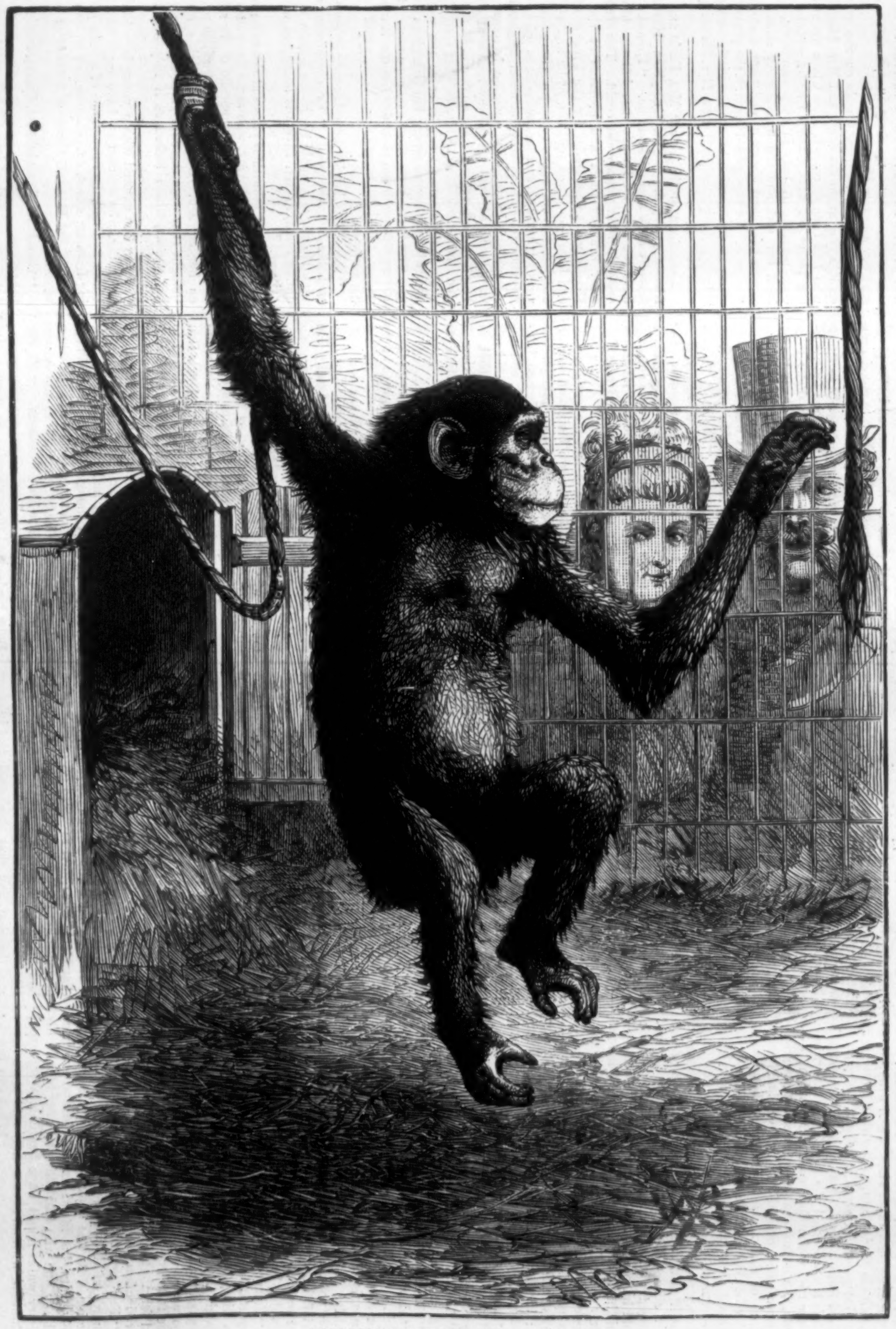
Henri Rochefort and two companions have escaped from the penal colony of New Caledonia by stowing themselves away in an English vessel bound for Newcastle, New South Wales. Rochefort intends visiting this country.

There is trouble again in Ashantee. Advices from Cape Coast Castle to March 12 say that an embassy, numbering, with its escort, 250 persons, had arrived there from the Ashantee king. It was reported that they refused to discontinue human sacrifices, and disputed the amount of the indemnity.

Professor Peter Andreas Hansen, the celebrated astronomer, died at Gotha, Germany, March 31. Professor Hansen was by birth a Dane, and in early life was a watch-maker. He was father-in-law of Mr. Bayard Taylor.

Late dispatches from India say that incendiary fires have become alarmingly frequent in the neighborhood of Seetamow, in the Gwalior district. Two large villages have been entirely destroyed.

AMERICAN SARDINE FISHERY.—Drawn by Granville Perkins.—[See Page 333.]



ZOOLOGICAL STUDIES—BABOON'S CAGE.

SARDINE FISHERY.

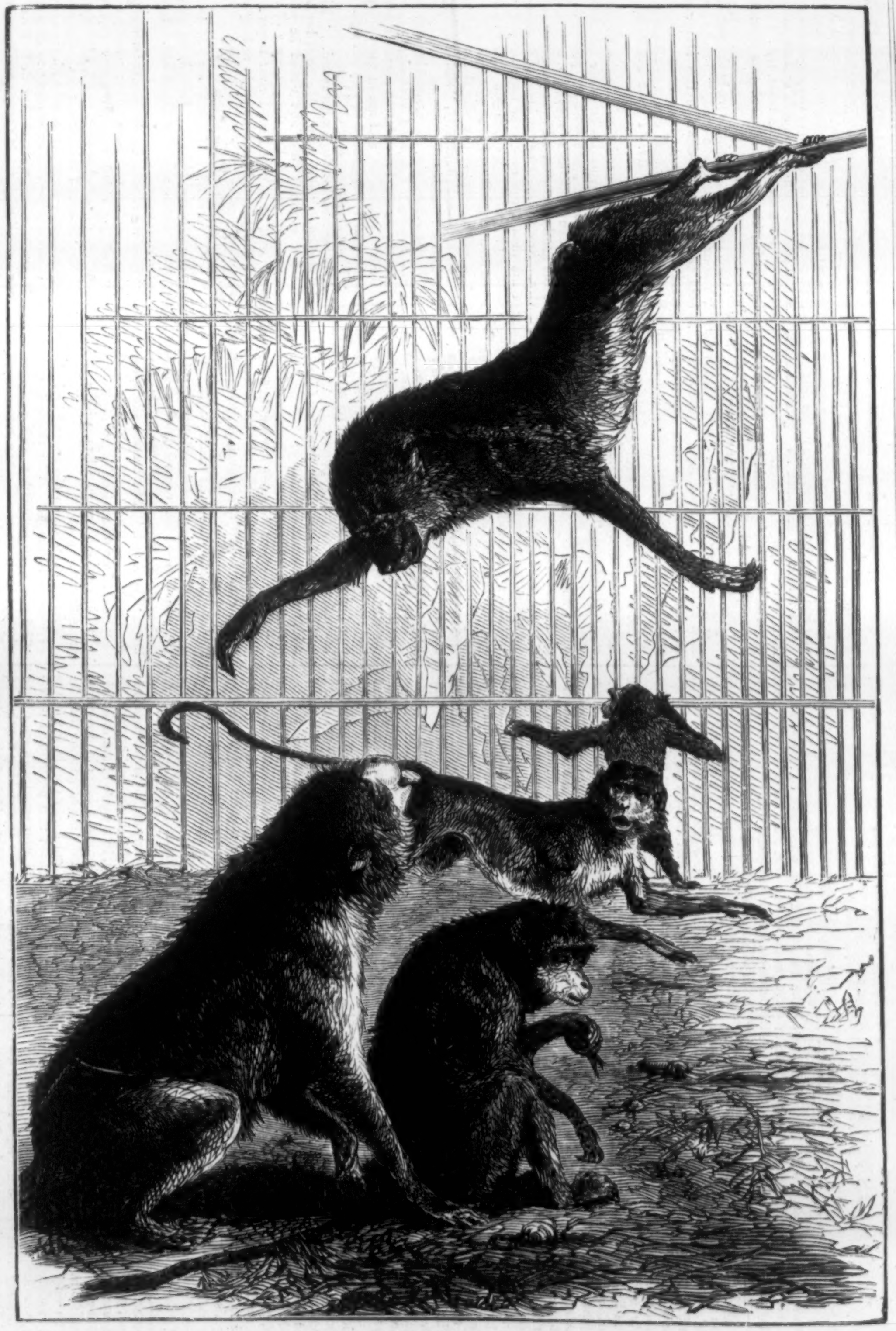
A little more than three years ago the American Sardine Company started the business of curing and canning sardines at Port Monmouth, New Jersey. The fish used for this purpose is the menhaden, or moss-bunker, which in the spring and fall is found in great numbers along the coast and in the Raritan Bay. It is slightly spotted on the back, and is sometimes called the ocean trout. The objection to these fish for general use is that they are very bony. The American Sardine Company, by a mechanical process known only by themselves, have removed this objection.

Our illustrations on the preceding page show the several processes through which the fish are passed after being taken. They are first brought to the "scaler," which consists of a long shaft, on which are twelve wheels filled with long blunt teeth, which revolve very rapidly, and take off every scale in an incredibly short space of time. From the scalers they are passed to hands who chop off the heads and cut out the entrails. They are then placed in the washing troughs, above which are a number of revolving circular brushes, by contact with which the insides are thoroughly cleaned. They are then placed in pickle vats, where they remain for a few hours, until they are sufficiently salted, after which they are spread upon large tables, where they are placed in the cooking cans. They are then taken to the steaming tanks, of which there are seven, each having a capacity for holding 1000 boxes. From the steaming cans they are again taken to the tables and transferred to the permanent cans, when they are oiled and spiced, and then handed over to the tinsmiths to be soldered. From the time the fish are brought to the factory until they are boxed and labeled requires about three days.

These sardines are shipped in large quantities to every part of the country, and by many are considered quite equal in flavor to those imported from France and Italy.

ZOOLOGICAL STUDIES.

The most popular spot in a zoological garden or in a menagerie is the monkeys' cage. Although their half-human expression gives some oversensitive persons a queer sensation of mingled terror and disgust, the majority of people, young and old, find something irresistibly droll and amusing in the antics of these creatures, and are never tired of watching their agile trapeze performances and their lively practical jokes on each other. They really seem to have a sense of humor, and although they do the most diverting things with an air of supernatural gravity, they evidently enjoy their own tricks, and take quite as much pleasure in teasing each other as the spectators do in watching them. It is said that some great German naturalist has a theory that very intelligent monkeys of the higher species might in time acquire the power of speech, and that he proposes to make the experiment. Should he succeed, and should monkey traditions have been well kept up, we may expect new light on the history of man and the Darwinian theory.



ZOOLOGICAL STUDIES—MONKEYS' CAGE.

APRIL-FOOLS FOR SIX.

"And such as are fools, let them use their talents."
—Shakspeare.

It was a family party. Not one of the conventional type that mars the holiness of certain holidays by an assemblage of incongruous relations—resembling nothing so much as the Happy Family of a menagerie, where the terrier, *vis-à-vis* of the rat, and the feline grande dame, within claws' reach of the canary, are only restrained from indulging their native instincts by the irksome bonds of supreme good-breeding—but a genuinely congenial, impromptu, and affectionate family party, as one could see at a glance.

The time was after dinner; the scene, a large, luxuriously furnished drawing-room in an old-fashioned country-house; the chiaro-oscuro effect, fire-light. For day had faded with the gossip over the nuts, and the lounging attitudes of after-dinner comfort were encouraged by an atmosphere charmingly mixed of gray and glow. Without was the April twilight creeping over the lawn, and stealing between the long window-curtains that had been left withdrawn; within was the ruddy sea-coal blaze.

The party numbered eight. Uncle Ben, the host, a thorough old bachelor, with the whims, crotchets, gout, and hobbies pertaining to that estate, but such an excellent good soul, so generous, tender-hearted, and hospitable, that not one of his numerous heirs cast at his broad possessions a glance from the corner of the eye betokening relish of haste. At this moment he leaned comfortably in his arm-chair, with a smile of ineffable satisfaction upon his florid and still handsome face. Ben Rivers, a big boy of fourteen, and Grace Dubois, a fairy creature of ten, had settled themselves close to him, and from time to time expressed their friendliness by patting his shoulder or hand. Near the fire were two ladies—Miss Clara, Uncle Ben's orphan niece, the lady of the house, a tall, fair, lady-like girl, just nearing, with an interesting pensiveness, that magical line of age where maidenhood trespasses upon old-maidism; and Mrs. Earle, a round, good-natured, mediæval personage, who had matronized the young people on their brief journey from the city to take Uncle Ben by storm for over Sunday.

The only portion of Mrs. Earle's charge that had rendered her office at all a responsible one was now arrayed opposite her—a trio, who in the dreamy flush of the fire-light looked docile enough, two young ladies and a lover; not *their* lover or *her* lover: the possessive pronoun was undetermined. And it was the stubbornness of the indefinite article, which she found herself forced to apply, that perplexed and annoyed Mrs. Earle, and that alone had marred the harmony of the journey.

Juliet Rivers, enthroned in the stateliest of the antique arm-chairs, with her feet upon an embroidered tabouret placed there with conspicuous gallantry by Uncle Ben, was the queenly beauty of the group. A costume of crimson silk draped by a deep-tinted Roman scarf emphasized her classical and richly toned Italian style. Her statuesque hand toyed with long golden tresses that lay across her lap, and depended from the lovable little head of her sister Amy—a slight mobile-figured girl, carelessly recumbent, with her cheek against Juliet's knees, and wrapped, as the attitude made seem, rather than dressed, in pale blue cashmere edged with swan's-down.

Fred Dalton was the beau ideal of a love-story's hero. He possessed the Apollo-like figure, the dark curls, white forehead, and straight eyebrows, the unfathomable eyes and unexceptionable mustache, needed to the conventional making up of that romantic character, but with a dash of strong individuality, and a certain undeciphered intelligence of expression redeeming him from an exclusive destination to that fragmentary part of man's career. He had placed himself near Juliet, and held the fringe of her scarf across his hand. Occasionally he exchanged with her a glance of mutuality, which would have construed the grammatical relation of his heart conclusively to Mrs. Earle, if immediately thereafter his glance had not fallen and lingered with a languor of unmistakable tenderness upon the pliant and softly lighted curves of Amy's reclining figure. Her face he could not see; it was turned away from him toward the fire-light.

"Do tell us a story, Juliet," teased Grace.

"Pray do, my love," said Uncle Ben, willing to prolong the period of inactive enjoyment.

"A jolly one, Jule, for April-fool's Day," suggested Ben.

"Oh no, a love-story," cried Grace.

"How shall I please you both? Let me think. Well, once upon a time," said Juliet, in a slow, melodious contralto voice—"Uncle Ben, this is an Eastern story, but please do not criticise its Orientalism; it is *adapted* to date. Once upon a time an Eastern prince named Dyzahl fell in love with a beautiful girl whom he had accidentally seen within a bower of roses in a garden belonging to his courtier, Fazed.

"Fazed was a man of ripe years, and of such importance in the affairs of the nation that the king himself would not interfere with his thoughts. He had kept the existence of this surpassing creature—who, by-the-way, was named Myrrah—a secret, because he intended in due time to marry her himself. Dyzahl divined this, and felt that it would be of no use to ask for an introduction.

"For several days he wandered over the grounds of his palace in a state of hopeless distraction. At last his manner became comparatively calm, his mood meditative and resolute, and any one who had ventured near him in his solitary walks might have heard him repeating to himself, with an accent more and more hopeful, this remarkable maxim, 'What can not be effected by force may possibly be accomplished by stratagem.'

"He sent for Fazed, and besought his advice. 'Give me,' he said, 'the assistance of your mature counsel. In one month from to-day will occur the Feast of Roses, when will be assembled all the people of our city. In order to enjoy that occasion I wish to possess the acquaintance of some of the lovely young girls who, owing to the long absence consumed in my education, are quite unknown to me. Is it not possible to arrange a series of *tête-à-tête* receptions, in which I may briefly meet and express my courtesy to these fair young citizens? Exert for me to this end your best skill.'

"Accordingly the audience hall of the palace was ornamented with great splendor, and every evening a new guest was presented to the prince, who, having entertained her with conversation and music and exquisite refreshments, escorted her to her carriage, already laden with the richest gifts that can be imagined, of which he begged her acceptance.

"The costly magnificence of these gifts excited the cupidity of Fazed. The idea occurred to him that such priceless jewels and embroideries would be acceptable in the bridal outfit of Myrrha. 'Since the prince,' he said to himself, 'is so polite to his visitors that he does not even ask them to remove their veils, he will not perceive the brilliancy of Myrrha's beauty, particularly as on this occasion the veil shall be of unusual thickness.'

"That very evening Myrrha was introduced. But what was the consternation of Fazed (who, as on former receptions, had concealed himself in a niche overlooking the hall) to see the prince, after dismissing his attendants, lift with his own hand the veil of the dazzling Myrrha, lead her to a sofa fringed with pearls, and, seating himself beside her, declare that he had waited impatiently for this opportunity to tell her how long and how completely he had loved her!

"Fazed could hardly contain his rage, and gave such violent jerks to the drapery of the niche that he nearly betrayed his place of concealment. But his good sense and courtly ambition overcame his passion; and in the following month, at the close of the Feast of Roses, in a pause of the most triumphal music, and amidst a blaze of fire-works that illumined like a ruby the barge upon the lake containing a young and happy couple, it was the dignified voice of Fazed that proclaimed to the assembled multitude, who stood with eyes fixed on this royal barge, the approaching nuptials of the Prince Dyzahl and the idol of his soul, the beautiful Myrrha."

At this moment there was a ring at the door-bell, and Miss Clara ordered the curtains to be drawn and lamps lighted. A sealed parcel was brought in, directed to Miss Juliet Rivers.

"Indeed," said that young lady, "I shall not be induced to unfasten it. I recognize at a glance one of those jewelers' boxes, containing a hundred little ones. I am expected to open box after box to find in the very least some satirical allusion to April first. No; that jest is too antediluvian for me."

"Let me have it, then," said Grace, who, with all the company, excepting Juliet, had gathered around the centre table, where the gift stood. "I'm not afraid to open it."

"Nor I," said Amy, prompted by an instructive nudge from Ben.

"If the contents are of any value," said Juliet, across the room, "they will probably prove more suited to a girl of Amy's age than to Gracie. Of course, Amy, *what you find you must keep.*"

"Certainly," said Amy, still encouraged by Ben, who added to his nudge an inspiring wink.

The parcel answered Juliet's description. Her sister opened box after box, and at last came to a little wrappage of silver paper. Then she shut her eyes. "April-fool!" she said, softly, unrolling the tinsel with the tips of her fingers. Out upon the marble table fell a ring. At the sound Amy's eyes opened, and at sight of a gold circlet, set transversely with three red stones, she turned scarlet and then pale. "It is your ring, Juliet—your garnet ring!"

"Yours now," observed Juliet, carelessly.

Amy stood grave and motionless. "Silly child!" whispered Fred Dalton, close at her ear, but audibly enough to reach Mrs. Earle, and deplete her theory of the indefinite article. "Not *hers*, any way," thought that mediæval observer.

A sounding pull at the door-bell! Amy lifted the ring hastily, and put it on her watch-chain. Noise unusual at the door opening and confusion in the hall attracted attention.

"What can it be?" asked the delicate voice of Miss Clara.

"Bring it in, whatever it is," added the jovial voice of Uncle Ben. His namesake flung open the drawing-room door, near which was seen, surrounded by the housekeeper and maids, a large wicker basket, partially covered with a pink worsted shawl.

"Have it brought in, Manning," said Miss Clara.

"A carn't, possibly, Miss Clara," said Manning. "Mr. Rivers would be hangered beyond henny thing. Don't harsk me. It's what 'e 'ates, miss, han 'as given horders 'gainst more—"

Something moved in the basket. Gracie rushed forward. "Another April-fool!" cried she, in an ecstasy; "a real live one! Oh, Cousin Clara! oh, Cousin Ben! it's the darlingest, sweetest, cunningest, perfect wretch of an angel baby!"

"A baby?" exclaimed all the party, excited.

"A baby!" echoed Uncle Ben, aghast.

If there was one object on the face of the globe that Uncle Ben stood in dread of, one mode of presentation incident to fallen humanity that he had no pity for, one animal variety whose pre-Raphaelite "construction" he on artistic principles detested, and that awakened dim inklings of ignoble pre-existence, one antipathy in which whims, crotchets, gout, and hobbies concentrated their defiant energy, that object was a baby.

"To be kept until called for," sang out Gracie, who had the delicious creature in her arms.

"It will never be called for," groaned Uncle Ben.

"You'll kill it if you hold it so, Gracie; give it to me," said Juliet.

"Oh, what a beauty!" said they all.

A gentle ring at the door-bell: friends for Mrs. Earle. "I will see them in the library," said that considerate lady, with a commiserating glance at Uncle Ben, responded to by a nod of sickly gratitude.

Yet another visitor, a most dignified personage, ushered immediately into the drawing-room—Mr. Hammond, the rector of the parish—received by the host with a curious mixture of cordiality and dismay, and an apology at once for the baby.

"An April-fool, Sir; a miserably conceived joke, Sir," said Uncle Ben.

"But a remarkably fine child, my dear Mr. Rivers," said the rector, pleasantly, hastening to return the cordial greeting of Juliet and Amy, and to be introduced to Fred Dalton, whom his entrance had surprised scribbling upon a card, which presently slipped into Juliet's hand.

Then Mr. Hammond approached Clara, whose face flushed with surprise, while his beamed with the most hopeful radiance. And yet these two had not met since the holidays, when Mr. Hammond had hastened from this very room, broken-hearted, as Clara's rejected lover.

"How shall I ever thank you, dear Clara," he said, "for your note of to-day?"

"My—note?" stammered Clara.

"Hardly perhaps a note; but a word from *you* was sufficient." He held her hand tenderly. "You could hardly have imagined its opportuneness. I was just about answering finally, and in the affirmative, the call to D——, when—"

"Oh, Mr. Hammond," said Clara, "I fear you have been—I fear you are an—" She could not say to this reverend gentleman, this revered lover, "April-fool." She became silent, and he continued,

"Could I do otherwise?"

"Than what?" asked Clara, with a sudden presentiment.

They had entered an alcove, and he had seated himself beside her. She thought, quickly, "All this is an accident, a trick perhaps; but why not let it be real?" She remembered the utter sadness of heart she experienced when, having rejected the man she loved solely for what she believed to be her duty to Uncle Ben, she discovered, as people are apt to discover after self-sacrifices, that the act did not give the pleasure anticipated. Delicacy forbade her to confess her motives, and say, "It was because I could not leave *you* alone, dear kind uncle." She only mentioned to him quietly how the long courtship had ended. "Allow me to tell you, then, Clara," he had said, with considerable asperity, "you have done a very foolish thing. You may look a good way before you find another Mr. Hammond."

"Otherwise than what?" asked Clara.

"Than stay," said Mr. Hammond, regarding her with infinite affection, "here with my own people, and—"

Juliet had gone to the piano, and was playing the *Blue Danube.* Fred Dalton stood near her. Amy had descended with her arch-tempter, Ben, into the lower regions, ostensibly to speak a friendly word to old Dinah, who had been Uncle Ben's ministering angel in the shape of a good cook for the space of five-and-thirty years; occultly on Ben's part to forage for doughnuts, and bespeak waffles, hot and hot, with butter and honey, for supper. Grace was waltzing to Juliet's music, snapping her fingers in the air "like castanets," as she thought, "like mad," Uncle Ben thought. Uncle Ben was in an agony.

"Gracie," he called, in a suppressed voice—there was an evident anxiety not to draw general attention to his anguish, but the force of entreaty conveyed in that suppressed tone was intense—"Gracie, take it; come and take it, Gracie!"

Uncle Ben was holding the baby! Grace had put it into his arms the instant the waltz struck up. Nothing but baby's own benignant star of destiny had prevented its immediate precipitance to the ground. Fate upheld it. Uncle Ben, having got one hand under the waistband, and another across the ruffles at the knees, could not in conscience let go again. He leaned back in his chair, and held his chin in the air, as though he felt the deadly breath of a monster. His eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

"Gracie!"

Baby, in fullness of the charity that thinketh no evil, leaped up and down on the strange knees as if it had been an invited guest; laughing and crooning, it made itself at home in the house of its enemy. Suddenly it became motionless. A cold sweat stood on Uncle Ben's forehead. He made his last appeal to the outside world—

"Gracie."

The occasion of this cessation of sound and motion was a petrifying attraction. Baby, in directing upward its investigating glances, had become riveted in cross-eyed admiration by a dazzling luminary—the central sun in the white expanse of Uncle Ben's shirt bosom. Uncle Ben felt a clutch at his diamond button; obliged to look downward to protect his property, he cautiously lowered his chin and peered at his adversary. He saw a little round rosy face with rings of golden hair on a pearly forehead, two merry twinkling black eyes, and a mouth like a red, red rose-bud. "I thought they were all alike," was the mental ejaculation inspired by the vision—"this isn't." Baby clutched at the button again, and crowed with enthusiasm. "Hi, my little man, hi," said Uncle Ben, experimentally. Baby hied—hied miraculously; its good genius presided. It forsook the shining toy, and betook itself to the investigation of slowly descending whiskers. "Upon my soul, it minded me!" thought Uncle Ben, prodigiously astonished. A little pink hand nestled up to the gray mustache, not to pull it, but to stroke it in evident admiration. "It's a sociable little beast, too: I really believe it likes me," murmured this disarmed-with-a-smile ruffian.

Amy, returning, caught Grace by the shoulder. "You naughty girl!" she cried, "to make uncle hold the baby! Sit down in this arm-chair, there's a dear, and hold it carefully—oh, isn't it a cherub?—until Susan comes to take care of it—until it's called for. I want Uncle Ben to myself."

She led the old gentleman into the conservatory, and to the rustic sofa under the palms. "Dear Uncle Ben," she said, not precipitately, but after due subtleties of approach, appreciated by the gentle bachelor, "I want your serious advice. Now tell me—for you know so much more of life than I can ever, ever hope to!—if you were a girl, would you marry a man who had loved another girl first?"

"It would depend upon who that man was," answered Uncle Ben, gravely, "and who the girl was that he loved first."

"It was Juliet," said Amy, speaking very softly and rapidly; I learned accidentally; 'twas told me by a school friend, who supposed me to be Juliet's confidante, as I am in most things; but this—well, it happened seven years ago."

"When Juliet was how old?"

Amy counted her fingers backward. "Eleven," she said, "and I ten. He loved her, and gave her a garnet ring, and vowed he would never marry any girl but the possessor of that ring. And oh, Uncle Ben, I *must* respect the man I marry, and I know he ought to keep true to his word, and—"

"Who is the possessor of this ring?"

"Why," said Amy, with something of the accent of discovery, "*I* am. Here it is: this is the ring; but then it's an April-fool. I can't *really* call it mine."

"Why not?" said Uncle Ben. "Of course it's yours. That part is all right; now go on."

"Well, he asked me—to marry him, you know" (in a dead whisper), "and I, knowing all, said No; at least I said almost No. But something tells me—I am impressed with the conviction, dear uncle—that he is about to offer himself again. Now what shall I do? Give me your *candid* advice. It's very humiliating that he should love my sister first. Now what would *you* do?"

"Candidly, my dear little girl," said Uncle Ben, "he's a fine fellow; his father was a fine fellow before him; all his family are fine fellows. I like the match. Now about my advice. The case is this: according to my observation, there are two loves in a man's life that are to be relied upon—the first" (Amy shuddered), "and the last" (she squeezed his hand). "And of these two loves the one *most* to be relied on, according to my observation, is the *last.* So it stands. He loved Juliet first, he loves *you* last. Is that so, my dear little girl? Well, then, my advice is, *keep this love his last*—that's all you have to do; *keep* it, and keep it the *last.*" And Uncle Ben, in the fervor of self-admiration at a consummation of wise advice not to be sneered at for an *impromptu*, caught up Amy in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss.

Scratching of carriage wheels on the gravel-walk, a ring at the door-bell, and Mrs. Manning, who had been to consult Miss Clara about laying plates for Mrs. Earle's friends, opened the door herself. A lady in deep mourning drew back her veil, and the housekeeper seized her gloved hand and kissed it, and then, motioning "silence," the lady glided through the passage to a tiny reception-room known familiarly as Uncle Ben's smoking-room, and drew Mrs. Manning in with her.

Meanwhile in the library Mrs. Earle and her friends gossiped. "Yes, Georgiana Hartley's actually back again!" said one. "How she can have the face to, I can't see; but she always *could* do what nobody else could. The second-story drawing-room and bedroom at the Ilk House and an anteroom for the French nurse and baby—so Gusta tells me. She arrived last evening. Well, I don't believe" (lowering her voice) "that she'll ever see the inside of *this* house. No, indeed! Mr. Rivers will never forgive her. After all his kindness and devotion, to marry the man he hated, and a runaway match at that! His favorite niece, too; for no one need tell me that Clara's any thing to him to what Georgiana was: not but that Clara is twice the woman and twice the housekeeper; but Georgiana had a *way* with her. Well, there's no hope now. Mr. Rivers will never acknowledge George Hartley's widow. Besides, there's a— Well, we all know his antipathy."

"Miss Clara harsks me to hannounce supper," said the housekeeper. "'Er compliments to Mrs. Hearle, and would the ladies join 'er in the dining-room, as Mr. Rivers is hoccupied with a 'visitor.'"

The last to take their places at the table were Fred Dalton and Amy, who came from the conservatory, and entered by opposite doors simultaneously. Amy had two pink camellias pinned on her corsage. One of Mrs. Earle's friends thought they were there on purpose to carry off her cheeks, which looked as if they had been painted.

Uncle Ben entered with a young lady in deep mourning, who seemed to have been weeping. Uncle Ben had the appearance of a man suffering from an attack of influenza. The lady, in spite of the marring traces of tears, was a bewitching creature.

"Georgiana!" cried Juliet, Clara, Gracie, and the others.

Georgiana rushed into Clara's arms. "Oh,

how sweet to be home again! Oh, you dear girl!" she whispered, between kisses. "Oh, Clara! I knew that if Uncle Ben could get over baby, he could get over *me*."

"Juliet, darling!" cried Georgiana, transferring her embraces, and this time managing not only to whisper between the kisses, but receive intelligible answers.

"Are you engaged yet?"

"Not announced."

"To Fred?"

"Different as day from night."

And here Juliet, released to give place to Amy, saw upon the black shawl the alto-relievo of a little white hand in the act of hugging Georgiana, and upon the first finger of that hand the ring of three garnets.

Supper passed off delightfully. Waffles hot and hot were refused by so many that Ben, for once in his life, really felt that he had his full share of them.

It was not until the close of the meal that Uncle Ben happened to look at Mr. Hammond and Clara. They were transfigured like people in the finale of a transformation scene, when the red lights are poured on boldly. "He has asked her again," thought Uncle Ben, "and this time she has taken him." And in the warmth of his heart—and to the eternal gratitude of Mrs. Earle's friends, who had the pleasure early the next morning of publishing to the parish the whole affair without abbreviations—he jumped up and congratulated them.

"And how fortunate," thought Uncle Ben, "that Georgiana should have come home just in time to keep house for me!"

PERSONAL.

THE details of the assault upon Senator SUMNER by BROOKS are furnished by a Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune:* "When BROOKS formed the resolution to attack SUMNER, he, KEITT, and EDMUNDSON proceeded to drink hard; and for the rest of his life BROOKS was under the influence of liquor nearly all the time. He bought a gutta-percha cane, hollow and gold-headed. It derived strength from its hollow form, and the weight of the material made it formidable. With this cane he and his party lay waiting around the Senate-chamber until the adjournment, when Mr. SUMNER sat at his desk, closely wedged between his chair and the desk legs, the size of the old chamber giving very contracted quarters to such large men. BROOKS walked directly up to the front of the desk, and, with an instant's remark to the effect that Mr. SUMNER had outraged his connection, BROOKS struck him behind the crown, at that part of the back of the head which is less defended by the skull. He struck with great force, and repeated the blows rapidly, until Mr. SUMNER, seeking to arise, burst the desk from the floor, to which it was screwed; and by this time BROOKS had taken him by the hair, so that, all bloody and insensible, he fell forward like a dead man, and the cane was shivered to pieces. KEITT called out from the door, 'BROOKS, next time kill him!' and added an oath to the suggestion. He then exclaimed, 'Let's go take a drink.' Mr. SUMNER, after a time, was taken up from the sofa where he had been laid, very pale and bewildered, and put into a carriage, which took him to his chambers in the resident portion of the city. That night he was visited by few persons, and could scarcely converse; and it is not believed that he ever made any revengeful reference to the subject. His brother, GEORGE SUMNER, came on to Washington, and asked Mr. JAMES, who was a very large man, of a fiery spirit, yet cool in affrays, what he ought to do. Said JAMES, 'If it were my brother, I would do this: take a short double-barreled shot-gun, put it under my cloak, and walk up to the House of Representatives, and right in his chair, as he attacked my brother, I would blow him to pieces.' GEORGE SUMNER said he could not do this, and he did nothing."

—The Duc de Montpensier has offered to lend fifty-five pictures, valued at $500,000, to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for one year, provided the trustees will agree to pay the insurance and freight expenses.

—MARCELLUS B. STEARNS, Lieutenant-Governor of Florida, who has just succeeded to the Governorship in consequence of the death of Governor HART, is a young man from Oxford County, Maine, who left college a dozen years ago to go into a Maine regiment, earned a commission, and since the war has been prominent in the politics of Florida.

—Colonel FORNEY, in one of his late numbers of "Anecdotes of Public Men," after alluding to several prominent editors, says: "I have known and know most of these gentlemen; have served with and against them; have returned, and long ago forgotten, their bitter sayings; and, as I look over the past, I freely challenge comparison with any other class for generosity, frankness, and general manliness."

—Mr. J. R. G. HAZARD, the musical critic, and one of the editorial writers of the *Tribune*, Mr. CARL BERGMANN, of New York, and Mrs. SEGUIN, also of New York, are trustees of the PAREPA-ROSA American scholarship for girls proposing to study music in Italy. Mrs. SEGUIN is the mother of EDWARD SEGUIN, and aunt of the deceased.

—Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, the Lord Chief Justice of England, is at work on the authorship of "Junius." During the TICHBORNE trial he snatched many hours to study the subject at the British Museum. A London paper remarks that the secret of "Junius" has never yet been examined by a first-rate judicial intellect, and that if any body can clear it up it is the Lord Chief Justice. He is richly equipped both with the requisite knowledge and the power of weighing evidence.

—T'OUNG-CHE, Emperor of China, is the youngest among the sovereigns of the world. He was nineteen years old last month, and was married, at the age of sixteen, to A-LU-TÊ, the present empress, then fifteen years of age.

—Mr. GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND purposes to write a biography of Mr. SUMNER, entitled *The Life and Friends of Charles Sumner*.

—The Rev. Mr. HAMMOND, who for five weeks past has been preaching in St. Louis, is estimated to have gathered in ten thousand converts. No church or public hall in that city is large enough to contain the people who flock to hear him. The work has spread from two to three hundred miles in different directions from St. Louis.

—Mr. CHANDLER, of Michigan, is now the senior member of the United States Senate in point of continuous service. He entered that body on the 4th of March, 1857, and has completed seventeen years of service. Next after him comes Governor ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, who entered in 1859. After him come, in order, Mr. SHERMAN, of Ohio, and Mr. HOWE, of Wisconsin.

—His Majesty KALAKAUA, the new monarch of all the Sandwich Islands, was born on the premises, and is now forty years of age. He is opposed to foreigners—and his grandpa was hanged for poisoning his wife.

—Those who knew them personally are aware that DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS on several occasions wrote a short story together. "On one of these occasions," said Mr. COLLINS recently, "we agreed to exchange styles, so as to puzzle the critics; Mr. DICKENS was to adopt my style, and I was to imitate his. The plan succeeded perfectly, and it was amusing to see the reviewers point out a passage of mine as an example of DICKENS's peculiar vein, and in the next sentence comment on a paragraph of DICKENS's as a sample of WILKIE COLLINS's sensational style!"

—Dr. CARL SCHENCK, the new President of Switzerland, was not long ago an obscure pastor, and has lately distinguished himself by writing on political economy. Eminent American writers on political economy need not migrate to Switzerland, however, for the President there holds office only for one year, on a salary of $1500, and not the ghost of a hope of an increase.

—The habitual turn of mind of the average Maine legislator is of a jocular sort. A few days since, at the close of a legislative session, Mr. NORTH, of Augusta, offered an order of inquiry asking the gentleman from Machiasport to explain to the House why he had permitted six feet of SNOW to remain in front of his desk all winter. Mr. MOORE, in reply, said it was on account of the cold NORTH wind that had been blowing upon him! (Mr. NORTH has occupied a seat a little to the left of the gentleman.) After smiles, the House went into committee.

—The Earl of Derby has lately been called "the personification and genius of commonsense."

—ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, father of the late Governor WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, of Pennsylvania, is still living at Kingston, near Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. He is now in his one hundredth year. He was comparatively robust until lately, and until his ninety-eighth year used to ride regularly on horseback. A still older man is the Rev. THOMAS SMITH, a Baptist minister of the old predestinarian faith, who was one hundred and one years old last month. He lives in Parrottsville, Cook County, Tennessee, and is still in excellent health. He was pastor of one church for forty-four years, and is still able to preach.

—Probably there is no more striking instance of the changes which the war has wrought in the relative positions of the Southern white and negro than in the fact that a Mississippi colored man named MONTGOMERY is now the richest planter in that State, being the owner of the JOE DAVIS and HICKMAN plantations, upon one of which he was himself formerly owned and worked as a slave.

—The ex-King of Naples, who lost, with his throne, the possession of four fine palaces, now resides in a humble dwelling near Paris. To a sympathizer he recently said that "exile has its afflictions, but it has also its lessons, and they have been profitable to me." Sometimes it does have that effect, but the other way is generally preferred.

—It is suggested to us by a blind gentleman that an appropriate motto for Mr. JAYNE and Mr. SANBORN would be, "*Aut seizure aut nullus.*"

—Private letters from London give some particulars of the last illness of Madame PAREPA-ROSA. On Christmas-eve she passed the evening in singing the music of Elsa, in *Lohengrin*. She was taken sick next day, and though at first, after the birth of her dead child, she appeared to be doing well, the symptoms soon became so unfavorable that Mr. ROSA, who had rejoined his opera company in the provinces, returned to London. Several days before her death she lost her consciousness, and never regained it, calling constantly in her delirium for her child. The physicians think that even if her life could have been saved, she would have remained a mere wreck, and possibly have become blind.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MARRIOTT has given an account of a remarkable barometric depression that occurred on the morning of the 24th of January, 1872, all over Great Britain. In several portions of England the pressure was observed to be 28.2 inches, where the barometer is said seldom to fall to 28.7 inches. The atmospheric phenomena attending this depression have been specially investigated at the request of the Council of the Meteorological Society of London. The depression appears to have touched the coast of England near Falmouth about midnight, and to have passed along the coast at the rate of thirty-seven miles an hour until 3 A.M. of the 24th, when it took a northerly course, reaching Birmingham at 6 A.M., the rate of progress being about forty miles an hour. It then moved north-northeastward, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, until 9 A.M., traveling across England at a faster rate than when moving along the coast. It passed over the mouth of the Humber, and beyond the reach of English observers, between 10 and 11 A.M., its general course having been northeast by north, at the average rate of about thirty miles an hour. On the east and southeast sides of the depression the force of the wind was much greater than on the opposite sides, but the barometric gradients were much steeper on the western than on the eastern sides. The gale was one of the most violent that had been experienced for a considerable period, many lives being lost, and much damage done to property and shipping. In order to find analogous instances of depressions in this portion of England it is necessary to go back for a considerable period. There are only four on record in which this depression has been exceeded, viz., in 1791, 1814, 1821, and 1843; and in these the lowest recorded barometers were respectively 28.15 inches, 28.32, 27.93, and 28.20. In the discussion which ensued on the presentation of Mr. MARRIOTT's paper, Mr. SCOTT stated that among the extraordinarily low readings of the barometer should be remembered that of the 5th of February, 1870, when 27.33 had been recorded on board the CUNARD steamer *Tarifa*, while in 1839 Dr. KNIGHT, at Aberdeen, recorded 27.56, and in 1828, on the 28th of November, Dr. ROBINSON, of Armagh Observatory, had recorded 27.61. On this latter occasion the barometer readings at Dublin had ranged below 28 inches for twenty-four hours, and, as might be expected with such an extensive depression, there had been no storm. Mr. BURT also remarked that great depressions of the barometer had occurred about the middle of January during the last five years.

According to *The Academy*, a balance has been placed at the entrance gate of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, which shows, by means of an index on a large divided arc, how many grains too light or heavy any ordinary pound weight may be. Any one, therefore, has it in his power to test his weights, and to determine whether they are accurate or not.

The British surveys of the eastern coast of Africa, according to *Ocean Highways*, will be conducted during the year on the *Shearwater* and the *Nassau*. The *Shearwater* has been in commission since July, 1871, under the command of Captain WHARTON. The *Nassau*, commissioned in 1873, had not yet arrived on the coast at latest advices. The first-mentioned vessel is surveying the coast from Pemba to Kilwah, including Zanzibar. The *Nassau* is to continue the work. It is much to be regretted that no naturalist has been assigned to either of these vessels who could make use of the opportunities offered for discoveries.

Peru, as is well known, has been industriously occupied for several years past in the construction of railroads into various portions of her territory, with a view of opening them up for trade and settlement, the following being already finished, or to be completed within the present year—namely, from Ilo to Moquegua, sixty-two miles; from Mollendo to Puno, 337 miles; from Pisco to Ica, twenty-five miles; from Callao to San Mateo, seventy-three miles; from Chimbote to Taquilpon, fifty-five miles; and from Pacasmayo to La Viña, ninety-two miles.

As the Peruvian government is not able to develop the regions thus opened, it proposes to invite the co-operation of foreign nations in this direction, and is accordingly engaged in preparing for publication copies of the plans and profiles of the railways, with drawings of the most important engineering works on the lines, and a general map of the country; and a commission, consisting of Captain RAMON AZCARTE, the state geologist, DON ANTONIO RAIMONDI, and DON JULIO PFLUCKER Y RICO, has been appointed to collect samples in triplicate of the principal minerals and coal deposits which may be discovered or are known to exist in the region referred to at a distance of not more than thirty miles from the railways which are to traverse it, and which from their character and condition promise profitable working.

Catalogues, drawings, and collections, as well as descriptions of the railways, are to be sent to the minister of Peru in France to be printed in pamphlet form in English, French, and German, while the collections of minerals are to be placed on exhibition in London, Paris, and Berlin. The minister of the republic in France is authorized to grant free passage to and from Peru in the steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company to miners of established reputation who express the intention of examining the mineral deposits of the republic, and to the representatives of companies formed with a minimum capital of one million pounds sterling for the purpose of working the mines of Peru, and with that object desiring to visit the scene of their proposed labor.

Dr. H. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, Professor of Natural History in University College, Toronto, has been appointed Professor of Zoology in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. TRAQUAIR.

According to *Ocean Highways*, the Russian government has determined upon an expedition on a large scale up the Oxus for industrial, commercial, and scientific ends. This is to consist of no less than four hundred and six persons, comprising among the number three scientific men, an artist, two topographers, an engineer, and several merchants. A large quantity of goods will be taken for barter, and the whole will be conveyed in two steamers, four barges, and a steam-launch. The expedition will start this month, and the expense is estimated at about $80,000.

The December *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Paris contains an account by M. ALPHONSE PINART of his explorations of Alaska, prosecuted in 1871, with a map showing the region of his travels. These embraced a considerable part of the island of Kodiak, the southern portion of the Aleutian Islands of Oonalaska, Unamak, and Oomnak, as also Bristol Bay, Norton Sound, and Clover Bay, on the Siberian coast. A considerable amount of interesting information is given in regard to tribes visited, and the geographical peculiarities of the country, the latter including original determinations of the altitude of several mountains, the discovery of a bay on the south side of Alaska (now called Pinart Bay) which was previously unknown, statistics of the Esquimaux and Aleut population, etc. Numerous collections in ethnology and geology were made by M. PINART, a large number of photographic views of scenery taken, and many portraits secured.

Several communications upon the geological and paleontological collections of M. PINART had been already made by French savants.

The Game Law Committee of Parliament has recommended that the protection given to rabbits by the game law should be withdrawn, excepting in warrens and small inclosed spaces, in view of the great injury done by these animals to the cultivated lands, in which they are alleged to destroy more food than they are worth. It is difficult to realize the number of hares and rabbits annually killed, and used for food or for their fur, in the United Kingdom; but, according to *Land and Water*, the aggregate reaches 30,000,000, furnishing about 40,000 tons of food, and the collection and manufacture of the skins supplying employment for many thousands of people. Besides these, large numbers of rabbits are imported from abroad. The skins are used for making felt, from which hats are manufactured, and they are also dyed and used for cheap furs.

It is maintained that a comparison as to the relative pecuniary value of rabbits and sheep, upon all the light soils near the sea-coast, shows that the rabbits are very much more valuable, since they eat various kinds of grasses which sheep never touch, and will also feed on dandelions and roots; and while the sheep take off the top of the vegetation, the rabbits eat the rest, so that both can be cultivated in the same region, although it is more profitable to confine attention exclusively to the rabbits.

The friends of arctic exploration in England have apparently given up all hope that the British government will send out an expedition during the year 1874, but are still sanguine that this object will be attained and carried out on a very large scale in 1875. Deputations have been in readiness for some time on the part of the Royal Society, the Royal Geographical Society, the British Association, and the Dundee Chamber of Commerce to present memorials to the government; but an interview has been declined, on the ground that the subject can not be suitably considered at the present time.

The excuse is made that the operations of the *Challenger* in the survey of regions of commercial importance have exhausted all the available resources of the government in this direction, and that until toward the period of the return of this ship it will be inexpedient to consider the question of any additional labor.

Ocean Highways for February contains the correspondence between GLADSTONE and Sir BARTLE FRERE on this subject; and in a letter of the latter gentleman we find that the cost of the work on a large scale is estimated at about £25,000 sterling per annum. He remarks that should the government decline to take the entire charge of the work, it will probably be called upon to assist a private expedition, which, however, he thinks much less desirable. An accompanying communication from the Dundee Chamber of Commerce presented, as the principal argument in favor of this expedition, the unknown seas and coasts north of Greenland, and the great probability of finding out new localities for whale fisheries, in view of the great increase in demand for animal oil, of which fully three thousand tons are required at Dundee in the manufacture of jute alone. The experiences of the *Polaris* party do not promise much in this direction, as no whales whatever were observed inside of Robeson Channel; neither were any fishes seen, excepting a few young salmon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BOTTLEBURY, of Camden, will never dive into the creek to save another woman from drowning. He saw a red-haired girl named Sparks tumble in the other day off a boat, and he instantly plunged in after her, caught her by her dress, and swam to the shore with her. As soon as they were on dry land Miss Sparks gave a hysterical scream, flung her arms about Bottlebury's neck, and fainted. Just then the father came up, with the rest of the family, and perceiving the situation, he dashed up to Bottlebury, grasped his hand, and said: "Take her, my boy; take her! It is hard to give her up; it wrenches her old father's heart; but she is yours. Bless you, my children—bless you!" Then Mrs. Sparks cried, and said she hoped Harriet would be happy. The little Sparkses manifested their emotion by climbing up Bottlebury's legs and pulling his coat tails. Then Harriet came to, and laying her head on his shoulder, whispered, "Kiss me, darling." Bottlebury, amazed and indignant, tore himself away and fled. He was arrested that afternoon on charge of breach of promise, and on the trial the jury gave the broken-hearted Miss Sparks two hundred dollars damages. Bottlebury has intimated to his confidential friends that if any other warm-haired woman intends to fall overboard near him, she will find it to her advantage to learn to swim.

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial, "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

A Scotch minister recently, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration: "Ma freens, it is as impossible for a sinner to enter the kingdom o' heaven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost and harry a craw's nest, or for a soo to sit on the top o' a thistle like a laverock."

An old wine-bibber says that an empty Champagne-bottle is like an orphan, because it has lost its pop.

A Parisian musical dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished."

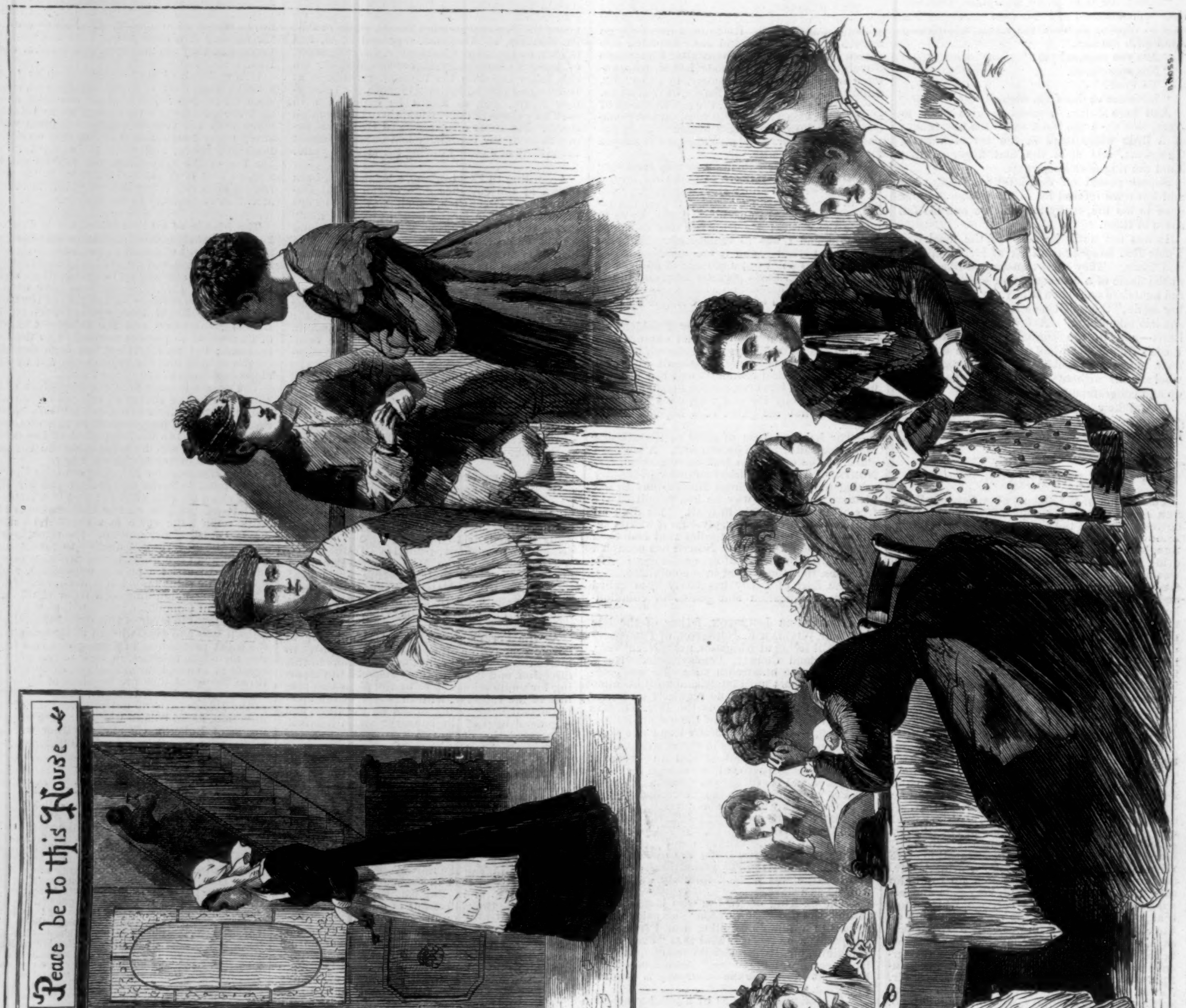
It is said that one of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Boswell observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland, "I believe, Sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

What is that which has many leaves and no stem?—A book.

"In my fertile country," said a Leicestershire man, "you could turn a horse into a field new mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs." "Pooh! that's nothing," cried a Yorkshire man; "you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able to find him next morning."

A well-known idiot, James Fraser, belonging to the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire, Scotland, quite surprised people sometimes by his replies. The congregation of his parish church had for some time distressed their minister by their habit of sleeping in church. He had often endeavored to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct; and one day, when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery, wide awake while many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavored to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking perhaps to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleepin' too."



NEW YORK CHARITIES—ST. BARNABAS HOUSE, 304 MULBERRY STREET.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 342.]

THE POOR DRUNKARD—MORE HELPLESS THAN A CHILD.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

A RHYME IN SEASON.

Romeo sings in the apple-tree,
And Juliet chirps on the fence;
No cruel parent flies between—
Bird families have more sense.
Sing, sing,
In the sun and the wind—
April hath a fickle mind.

The fresh bright bloom of the daffodils
Makes gold in the garden bed—
Gold that is like the sunbeams
Loitering overhead.
Bloom, bloom,
In the sun and the wind—
April hath a fickle mind.

The budding twigs of the sweet-brier
Stir as with hope and bliss
Under the sun's soft glances,
Under the wind's sly kiss.
Swing, swing,
In the sun and the wind—
April hath a fickle mind.

May, she calls to her little ones,
Her flowers hiding away,
"Never put off till to-morrow
What you may do to-day.
Come, come,
Through the sun and the wind—
April hath a fickle mind."

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LIX.

SECRET SERVICE.

Shadrach Bain, having issued his advertisement, waited, like the spider, for that unwary fly which he deemed must sooner or later—even if the fly should haply be still a wanderer in foreign lands—be enmeshed in his net. No spider, in the last stage of attenuation for lack of flies, was ever more anxious or impatient than Mr. Bain.

The advertisement had appeared three times, and he was beginning to think that his return to England had been altogether a mistake, and the absolute surrender of all his chances, when triumph and hope came to him in the shape of a letter from Mrs. Tringfold—a letter addressed from Willoughby Crescent, Hyde Park. Now Mrs. Tringfold was not likely to be residing in so fashionable and expensive a district as Tyburnia if she had been living at her own charge. It was clear that she was still with Lady Perriam, and Willoughby Crescent was Lady Perriam's abode; whereby Mr. Bain felt that the fly was almost in his web.

Mrs. Tringfold's missive was one of those composite documents, fluctuating between a note and a letter, in which her class delights. It ran thus:

"Mrs. Mary Tringfold's compellments to Mr. Y. Esqre., witch advurtised in The times papper, and I ham the Mary tringfold menshuned, witch my late husband was a Pharmer at ildrope pharm. i shall be glad to here off any think to mi hadventeg, hand she wil caul hiff Mr. Y. wil saye wear.
"Your oboediunt survent,
"Mrs. Tringfold.

"P. Hess.—i am in survus weth a Lady & can honely cum out hafter thee babey is gone too bed."

Y., or Shadrach Bain, by his willing agent, John Sadgrove, the landlady's eldest hope, made haste to answer this letter by a telegram, appointing that evening at nine o'clock for an interview, at the Quayside Hotel, in Embankment Street, Strand.

That postscript about the baby gave Mr. Bain the delightful assurance that Lady Perriam was to be found in Willoughby Crescent. Weak as were her maternal instincts, she was hardly likely to separate herself from a son upon whom her future position in some measure depended.

"Go where she will, she'll stick to the boy," mused Mr. Bain. "The only question is whether by this time she may not be the wife of Edmund Standen. I shall know that before ten o'clock to-night, if Mrs. Tringfold keeps her appointment."

The private sitting-room which Mr. Bain had the privilege of using at the Quayside Hotel was a little bit of a three-cornered apartment on the first floor, cut off a landing, and opening into a larger room in which the landlady and her family took their meals. In this large room Mr. Bain was to plant himself, close to the door of communication, which was to be left artfully ajar, so as to give him the opportunity of hearing Mr. Sadgrove's interrogation of the visitor, and even of giving that young man a whispered hint if he found him wandering from his brief, or not master of the situation. Mr. Sadgrove, to whose budding genius any little business of a secret and furtive nature was peculiarly interesting, flung himself heart and soul into the case. He had ever admired Shadrach Bain—had sat at his feet, as it were, from time to time, during the west country solicitor's brief visit to the Quayside Hotel; and he felt proud to serve him, even without consideration of that modest pecuniary reward which Mr. Bain had promised him.

The young man felt as important as an Old Bailey practitioner when Mrs. Tringfold was ushered into the triangular parlor, where he sat with an official-looking inkstand and a quire of foolscap before him.

The business of the legacy was speedily dispatched. There was a certain Miss Harper, of Mosstree, twenty miles from Monkhampton, with whom Mrs. Tringfold had lived ten years ago as confidential maid and housekeeper, and whom she had nursed in her last illness.

"She didn't leave you any thing, did she?" asked John Sadgrove, with a business-like air.

"Not a sixpence, Sir, though it was expected by most folks as she would leave me well pervided for. The fambly give me some portion of her wardrobe—she had a handsome wardrobe, had old Miss Harper, not having the heart to wear her things for fear of spoiling 'em, but hoarding of 'em like in her drawers and chests. The fall I have on this evening was Miss Harper's—real Spanish blonde, and everlasting wear."

"Well, I am happy to tell you that one of the late Miss Harper's relatives happened the other day to come across a packet of papers, and among them there was a memorandum in which Miss Harper stated her intention to leave you ten pounds."

"Well, Sir, it isn't much, considering how faithfully I served her; but any think comes welcome after so long."

"The memorandum was not a legal document, remember. Miss Harper's relatives were under no obligation to act upon it; but, with generosity that does them credit, they decided to let you have the whole benefit of Miss Harper's unfulfilled intention. I am commissioned by them to pay you the ten pounds."

"I'm sure, Sir, I'm much beholden. Shall I write and thank the gentleman—or lady?"

"No, they require no acknowledgment."

"They're very good, Sir; and I'm bound to say Miss Harper's fambly always treated me liberally. The fambly gave me my mourning, every think of the best, though not so good as the black I'm wearing now for Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Sir Aubrey Perriam—the gentleman who married a pretty young woman shortly before his death," said Mr. Sadgrove, carelessly, as if he had known all about it ever so long ago. "I suppose the widow is married again by this time?"

"No, Sir, not married," answered Mrs. Tringfold, significantly.

"But thinking about it, eh?"

"Thinking about it a good deal more than becomes a lady whose poor dear husband hasn't been six months in his grave! It's all very well to put up a marbial tablet, and shut yourself up in your own room, and see no company, and call that grief," said Mrs. Tringfold, sententiously; "but if you go and marry a young man you was keeping company with beforehand not six months after your husband's funeral, them as looks deep into things will think your marbial tablet and your doleful ways nothing more than a blind. Blinds is made of a good many more things than calico at sixpence half-penny a yard, Sir," added Mrs. Tringfold, winding up with an aphorism.

"You can't expect grief to last forever in young widows," rejoined Mr. Sadgrove, jauntily; "but I suppose Lady Perriam is hardly thinking of marrying just yet awhile. Six months hence or so she might make up her mind. She'll show some respect for the 'conveniences,' as our French neighbors have it."

"What would you say, Sir, if I was to tell you that Lady Perriam is going to be married to her first sweetheart—which all Hedingham knows there was carrying on between them before Sir Aubrey took a fancy to her—TO-MORROW MORNING?"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Tringfold! I can't believe such a thing!"

"It's gospel truth, Sir, whether you believe it or whether you do not."

"Where are they to be married?"

"At St. Francis of Sissy, Sir, just at the back of the Crescent; a new church, and very high, they say, though to my eye the steeple isn't as tall as the spire of our new church at Monkhampton."

"What time is the ceremony to take place?"

"At half past ten, and it's to be strickly private, as it had need be. They're to go to the Lakes for their honey-moon, and then back to Perriam—to brazen it out, as I say—which Mr. Standen, being in the Monkhampton Bank, can't stay long away. Such a low match for a baronet's widow! and to give that precious boy a step-father before he's cut his double teeth!"

"They are to meet at the church, I suppose, now," said Mr. Sadgrove, in a conversational tone, after he had helped Mrs. Tringfold to a glass of sherry and a biscuit.

"Yes. Lady Perriam and him is to meet in the vestry at twenty minutes past ten, and it'll be all over by eleven. Céline, her maid, is to be the only person with her, and me and my blessed boy are to start off to Brighton directly after the wedding, and stay there in lodgings that has been took for us in Rock Gardens till we get our orders to go back to Perriam. It's to be the dismalest wedding as ever I heard of."

"How long has Lady Perriam been in Willoughby Crescent?"

"Close upon three weeks. We came here straight from Brussels."

"Oh, you were at Brussels previously, were you? Pray take another glass of that sherry; it won't do you any harm."

"Yes, Sir—wishing you your health—we was three days in Brussels after we left Antwerps—where I didn't see nothing worth looking at but the Poll parrots in the Zoological Gardens. My lady was three days at Brussels seeing all the sights—pictures and churches and the battle of Waterloo. And then we left as abrumtly as we'd left Antwerps, and came back to London, where we stopped one night at the hotel, and the next morning Mr. Standen came to say as he had found a furnished house to suit in Willoughby Crescent, and before Sir St. John's dinner-time we was all comfortably settled, and glad I was to find myself among my rational fellow-creatures once more, instead of those jabbering Belgees."

"Do you know why Lady Perriam came back to London so suddenly?" asked Mr. Sadgrove, prompted by a whisper behind the door.

"No, Sir—not any more than that I heard my lady tell Mr. Standen one day at Brussels, when I went to her room to fetch the baby—one can't help having ears—that there was no place like London; and that people were free to do what they liked there without any one noticing them. 'London's like a forest,' she said; 'we shall be lost in it, Edmund.' It used to give me the cold shivers down my back to hear her call him by his Christian name, and Sir Aubrey not cold in his coffin, as you may say."

The door behind Mr. Sadgrove now gave a gentle creak or groan, which, in the language of the spirits, meant that Mr. Bain had heard enough, so Mr. Sadgrove forthwith paid Mrs. Tringfold her legacy, ten glistening new sovereigns, which made the young man's mouth water, and dismissed her, very well satisfied with what she had heard to her advantage.

"Well, Mr. Bain, did I manage it all right?" asked John Sadgrove, with conscious merit, as Shadrach Bain emerged from the adjoining chamber.

"You couldn't have done it better, John, and here's the sovereign I promised you. But you must beg a few hours' liberty to-morrow morning, and go with me to the church where Lady Perriam thinks she is going to be married. I may find you useful as a witness."

"I'll run round to the office to morrow morning to ask leave of absence, and be back here at half past nine," answered John Sadgrove, blithely. "Are you going to put a stop to the marriage?" he asked.

"I think it's more than likely I shall," replied Mr. Bain, with a grim smile.

CHAPTER LX.

"JUST CAUSE OR IMPEDIMENT."

It was the morning of Sylvia's second marriage—that union which was to be the blessed fulfillment of all her girlish dreams, which was to bring her nothing but happiness.

Restless had been her slumbers through the night that was gone, and haunted by awful dreams. Not once, but several times, in vague and various shapes the event of the coming day had been enacted. Sometimes the scene had been life-like enough, the circumstances possible—some element of reason in the fabric of her vision; at other times all had been dense darkness and wildest confusion. She had been drifting with her lover over storm-driven waves. They had stood together on the bare and empty deck of a wrecked vessel, while a priest in splendid vestments, such as she had seen at St. Gudule, in Brussels, had recited the marriage service; and, behold! just as he had joined their hands, a gigantic wave rose, white-crested, and broke over the ship, sweeping away priest and bridegroom, and leaving her alone, whirling madly onward over that hideous ocean.

In another dream they had been together on some tropical waste of level sand, under a copper-colored sky, the sultry air thick with hot white vapor, and every now and then a cloud of burning sand blown over them by the sudden blast of hot wind. Here, too, they knelt side by side, and a voice that came, the dreamer knew not whence, repeated the words of the marriage service; but before it was ended the bride looked at her companion, and saw that he had fallen dead at her side, and saw a flock of vultures swooping down upon him through that awful sky.

It was broad day when she awoke from this last vision. She started up in her bed, her forehead damp with the cold dews of fear, and looked at the summer light shining in upon her through the uncurtained windows.

"Thank God, it was only a dream!"

She sprang up, rang for Céline, and began the operations of the toilet, though it was only six o'clock. Céline remonstrated politely, urged upon her mistress the duty of looking her loveliest in her wedding bonnet—the most delicious chapeau of white chip, ostrich feathers, and palest mauve, the faintest suggestion of half-mourning, as a delicate compliment to the departed Sir Aubrey.

"It's no use talking, Céline!" replied Lady Perriam, impatiently; "I sha'n't attempt to sleep any more! I have had such horrible dreams."

"Horrible dreams on the eve of so happy a union, mais, madame, c'est incroyable!"

"It is true, nevertheless. I suppose I have had too much anxiety lately."

"À cause des dents du pauvre petit," said Céline, naïvely. There had been trouble lately about Sir St. John's dental development, and the maid imagined that maternal solicitude might have disturbed her lady's slumbers.

Sylvia felt considerably refreshed after a cold bath, a cup of strong tea, and an elaborate toilet. She looked lovely in her wedding-dress of palest gray satin, trimmed with heavy Spanish point lace—a matronly costume, which rendered the youthfulness of her beauty all the more striking.

"And now run down stairs and get me my letters," she said to Céline, as the clock on the chimney-piece struck nine; "the post must have come by this time."

The only letter she thought of was a possible greeting from Edmund—one loving line perhaps to welcome the day. She had communicated with the housekeeper at Perriam Place, and ordered that letters should be sent to her, but of any such letters she had no thought this morning.

Céline came back with a bulky little packet, wrapped in the thickest and creamiest paper, sealed with several seals—a jeweler's parcel, evidently. This was Edmund's greeting. She also brought a letter—a foreign letter—addressed to Perriam Place, in a delicate, nervous hand, a hand Sylvia knew very well, and re-addressed to Willoughby Crescent in the housekeeper's clumsier characters.

This letter was from Mr. Carew. His epistles were not frequent, and their purport was generally either to ask or to acknowledge money. He had continued his easy life in the south of France, only varying it by an occasional fortnight in Paris, and Sylvia had every reason to suppose that he would spend the rest of his days in that agreeable exile. She had been sufficiently liberal to him, and they corresponded in most affectionate terms; but Sylvia did not sigh for reunion with the father in whose companionship she had spent so many years of her life.

She opened Edmund's packet first. It contained a ruby velvet case with her monogram—her new monogram, S. S.—in gold, and inside the case, on a bed of white satin, reposed a diamond cross—the gems of large size and of purest color.

Upon a slip of paper in the case Edmund had written these lines:

"Wear this to-morrow, dearest, for my sake, instead of the jewels you showed me last night. I should like to think that you wore my gift rather than Sir Aubrey's on that solemn day which is to unite us forever."

"My own generous Edmund!" murmured Sylvia, and unwonted tears clouded her eyes as she kissed the letter and the cross.

She had shown him her diamond necklace, Sir Aubrey's gift, the day before, and had asked him, half in sport, if she should wear it on her wedding-day.

She clasped the cross on her neck before she even thought of her father's letter. The diamonds flashed out between folds of rich lace, which veiled the narrow opening of her Raphael-shaped bodice.

When her lover's offering had been adjusted to her satisfaction, with much enthusiasm and ejaculation on the part of Céline, Lady Perriam seated herself at the breakfast-table to sip a second cup of tea and to read her father's letter.

"You can go now, Céline," she said; "but come to me at a quarter to ten, to arrange my bonnet and veil."

Mr. Carew's letter was briefer than usual, for in the calm retirement of his unoccupied life he had found time to write to his daughter with considerable amplitude. He prided himself upon being able to write a good letter, and his epistles had been for the most part as elaborate as those of travelers who have an eye to publishing their effusions later in a permanent form at the request of friends.

To-day the letter was brief, and the tidings it conveyed were not agreeable. Sylvia's brow darkened as she read it.

"My dear Sylvia,—After two years' residence in this genial climate I find my health established, and that nature has, in some measure, compensated herself by profound rest for the wear and tear of those years of toil which had made me an old man before my time. With renewed strength I find re-awakening within me those yearnings for home and country which are, I suppose, innate in every breast. You are now your own mistress, rich, and secure in the noble position which your attractions won for you. If I come now to sit beside your hearth, or, perchance, to dwell at a short distance from your house in some modest retreat of my own, I shall not feel myself an intruder. I am coming, therefore, my dear child, to claim your affectionate welcome, to taste the sweets of your bounty. You have been most generous to me during my exile, but I crave something more than pecuniary aid. I languish for your society, your ever dutiful regard. I shall be with you, perhaps, in a day or two after you receive this letter. For the first time, therefore, I may venture to close my sheet with *au revoir*, instead of adieu.
"Your ever attached father,
"James Carew."

"One would imagine my evil genius had put it into his head to come back, and at such a time!" thought Sylvia. "I wonder whether I have an evil genius. Most people would say no, for I have been so lucky. But then the devils we read of gave their slaves all their desires at the outset."

She tried to calculate the time that must elapse before her father could arrive in England, but his letter was too vaguely written. It was dated nearly a week ago. If he had followed it quickly, he might be in England already.

He would go straight to Perriam Place, no doubt, find her absent, obtain her address from the housekeeper, who would be awed by his paternal authority, and come to Willoughby Crescent in quest of her. Hope whispered that he would come too late.

A bell rang loudly while she was still standing with the letter in her hand, a bell that sent a thrill of fear through her heart, though it might be a commonplace summons enough.

She had been breakfasting in a boudoir that had been extemporized for her, a bright little apartment adjoining her dressing-room. This room was held sacred to her privacy, and when a masculine step sounded presently on the landing, she told herself it must be Edmund. No one else would venture to intrude at such an hour.

Céline opened the door, and screamed, "Madame, it is monsieur, your father!"

Another moment, and Sylvia, shedding tears of vexation, was clasped to her father's breast. Not so fondly would he have clasped her in the old days when he was the parish school-master, and she his unrecompensed handmaiden. It may be that severance had taught him the value of this only daughter.

"My love," he exclaimed, with emotion, "this is rapture. I knew not the feelings of a father's heart till this moment."

For half a minute or so he indulged those feelings, and shed, or seemed to be shedding, paternal tears upon Sylvia's soft brown hair. After

that gush of emotion he put her suddenly away from him.

"Let me look at you, my love," he exclaimed, "let me see how these two years have ripened your young beauty. Yes, the bud is expanding into a blossom, but it has not lost the freshness of its early bloom. But, my sweet Sylvia, what in Heaven's name is the meaning of this dress at this early hour? Has fashion invented some morning assembly? What is the meaning of this almost bridal attire?"

Sylvia looked him straight in the face, nerving herself for a battle.

"It simply means that I am going to be married," she answered, in her coldest, hardest tones—tones that meant "no surrender."

"You—are—going—to be married!" ejaculated Mr. Carew, "six months after your husband's death—such a husband as Sir Aubrey Perriam!"

"I know that it may seem strange to you—to the world," answered Sylvia; "but I do not hold myself accountable to the world, or to you. I consult my own feeling *this time*. I sacrificed myself once to win comfort and ease for you. It would be a poor return if you were to reward that sacrifice by opposition, now that I seek happiness for myself."

"The world will say hard things of you for this marriage, Sylvia."

"Let the world say what it will. The world is always hard—hard to the rich, harder to the poor, hard to beauty, hard to virtue. Let the world hate me. It can never trample on me again, for I ask nothing from it. I am my own mistress. I am tired of a lonely, unprotected life, and I am going to marry the lover of my youth, the only man I ever loved. Is that such a wicked act?"

"It is an improper act to marry six months after your husband's death."

"I suppose if widow-burning were the fashion in this country, you would come and ask me to perform suttee rather than outrage society," said Sylvia, with a bitter laugh. "You sold me to the highest bidder, and you have profited by the bargain, and are likely to profit by it for the rest of your life. What more do you want? Did you intend to make a second barter—to find another rich man to pay you the price of my broken heart?"

"This is unkind, Sylvia. If I profited in a small degree by your union with Sir Aubrey, you profited largely. And I think you were as much gratified to become Lady Perriam as I was to see you raised to that proud position. Let us not dispute, my love. For your own sake I would entreat you to postpone your marriage. There is no reason you should not marry Mr. Standen, when a decent interval has elapsed. But if I have any influence with you, I will exert it to the utmost to hinder your taking a step which will be the ruin of your name."

"You have no influence with me. You exhausted all your stock of influence when you persuaded me to marry Sir Aubrey Perriam. You shall not come a second time between me and the man I love."

"Sylvia!" cried her father, desperately, "can not you understand that I have no objection to make to your ultimate union with Mr. Standen? I only ask you to respect the laws of society, and to delay this marriage—if only for six months."

"Delays are dangerous," answered Sylvia. "Who knows what might happen in six months?"

"What have you to fear? You, who have youth, wealth, and beauty? Edmund Standen has every thing to gain by marrying you."

"He might not always think so. Come, my dear father," said Sylvia, in a lighter tone, "don't let us spoil this reunion by a needless dispute. You have always taken your way in life—let me take mine, unassailed by advice or interference. Do this, and we shall always be good friends. Oppose me, and—" She finished the sentence with a shrug of her shoulders, which was easy of interpretation.

"What then?" asked Mr. Carew.

"In that case, I should try to forget that I have a father."

"Very well, Sylvia—take your own way. After all, it is your reputation and not mine that is at stake. Why should I trouble myself about the matter? I have never been in the habit of making myself unhappy about other people's business. Let us say no more about it. Perhaps you will be good enough to give me some breakfast. I went down to Perriam yesterday, found you were living in London, got your address from the housekeeper, and came back to town by the evening mail. I slept at the Great Western Hotel, and in my impatience to see you, would not even wait to breakfast before coming here."

"You shall not suffer for that sacrifice," said Sylvia, gayly. She was eager to conciliate this unwelcome parent, now that he showed himself amenable to reason. She rang the bell, ordered the best breakfast the house could produce at five minutes' notice, and presently Mr. Carew found himself seated at a well-furnished table, with his daughter opposite to him, the aroma of choicest Mocha ascending to his nostrils, and a rush-bound flask of Maraschino at his elbow.

"After all, papa, if you will only take things pleasantly, your unexpected arrival is not inopportune," said Sylvia, ministering to her parent's wants with daintiest care. "You can go to church with me. I shall feel a less desolate creature if I have your arm to lean on."

"My love, no one is desolate with five thousand a year," said Mr. Carew, sententiously. "For people with such an income the world teems with friends!"

"Yes, friends who are enemies in disguise—wolves in sheep-skin," answered Sylvia, bitterly. "I shall not waste my money in paying for such friendship. My only hope of happiness is with the man who loved me for my own sake when I was your penniless daughter."

Mr. Carew ate his breakfast—wound up with a couple of glasses of Maraschino—tiny Venetian goblets emblazoned with gold—and discreetly held his peace. After all, as he had remarked just now, his daughter's too speedy marriage would make no difference to him. It was she who must suffer the world's scorn.

They drove to the church—the new Gothic temple with its painted windows, which made patches of luminous color in the half-light of the narrow vaulted aisles. Edmund was waiting for them in the vestry, looking as happy as a bridegroom should look. No remorseful thought troubled him to-day. Mind and heart were alike filled with one subject, and that was Sylvia.

He was surprised to see Mr. Carew, but welcomed him cordially, ready to forgive and forget the school-master's insolent reception of his proposal two years ago. To-day was no day for the remembrance of old injuries. Marriage would be but a sorry business if every man were not a Christian on his wedding-day.

"My Sylvia," said the bridegroom, proudly, as he drew her a little aside from the clergyman and Mr. Carew, and looked at her with fond admiring eyes, "how lovely you have made yourself, as if satin and pearl were needed to enhance your beauty. If you had come to me in rags, if you had come to me a beggar-girl out of yonder street, I should love you every bit as well. My Sylvia! mine at last! mine forever from to-day!"

"Are you ready?" asked the clergyman, who had remained politely unconscious of this sentimental episode.

"Quite ready," answered Edmund, putting Sylvia's arm through his, and moving toward the door.

"Not quite, I think, when you have heard what I have to tell you," said a strong voice from the threshold. The half-opened door was pushed aside, and Mr. Bain entered the vestry.

Sylvia gave a cry of despair, a shriek that echoed loud in the vaulted aisles on the other side of the door, and flung herself upon her lover's breast.

"He shall not part us!" she said. "Edmund, Edmund, be true to me, let him say what he will!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Congregational Council closed its work a little before midnight of Saturday, March 28. Its final decision agreed with the informal votes recorded in our last Intelligence. Five ministers and two laymen, viz., Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven; Rev. Dr. T. M. Post, of St. Louis; Rev. Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover; Rev. Dr. A. H. Quint, of New Bedford; Rev. Dr. W. W. Patton, of Chicago; Hon. C. S. Hammond, of Chicago; and Mr. J. Russell Bradford, of Boston, were appointed a committee to draw up the Council's decision. The paper presented by the committee was adopted almost unanimously. The essential passage in it is the following:

"We say distinctly that the idea of membership in a Congregational church is the idea of a covenant between the individual member and the church; that by virtue of that covenant the member is responsible to the church for his conformity to the law of Christ, and the church is responsible for him; and that this responsibility does not cease till the church, by some formal or corporate act, has declared the dissolution of the covenant....

"Voluntary absence of a resident member from the communion of the church and from its public worship does not dissolve the covenant, but is a reasonable ground of admonition, and, if persisted in, of final censure. When a regular complaint is made against such a member that in some other respects he violates the law of Christ, and especially when the complaint is that he has 'circulated and promoted scandals derogatory to the Christian integrity of the pastor and injurious to the reputation of the church,' the consideration that he has long ago forsaken the church is only an aggravation of his alleged fault."

On the question of the continuance of the fellowship of the two churches calling the Council with Plymouth Church the hope was expressed that "the very extraordinary proceeding which gave occasion for the correspondence and for this Council will not be a precedent for the guidance of that church hereafter." The continuance of fellowship was, therefore, recommended. On the general question of the obligations of Congregational churches to each other it was declared that fellowship involves "that more intimate communion which is exercised 'in asking and giving counsel, in giving and receiving admonition,' and other acts relating to doctrine, order, and discipline," and that "this mutual responsibility of the Congregational churches has characterized their system from the beginning, distinguishing it from simple independence."

The Mexican government has acted with energy in pursuing the murderers of the Rev. John L. Stephens. The Governor of the State of Jalisco reports that he sent to Ahualulco "two hundred men to restore order and arrest and punish the guilty." Among the arrested were the parish priests of Ahualulco and Teuchitlan, the latter was subsequently discharged. A judge has been directed to proceed to the spot and make an immediate investigation. The President of the Republic has also sent orders for the prompt punishment of the guilty.

The number of books found in the Roman convents, which were confiscated by the Italian government, reaches 606,016 volumes. It is to be hoped that they will be combined together in one great collection.

Two men well known all over the United States as revivalists have recently passed away—Elder Jacob Knapp, on the 8th of March, and the Rev. Dr. Edward N. Kirk, of Boston. Elder Knapp was a Baptist, and in earlier life combined the occupations of pastor and farmer. In 1832 he began his work as an evangelist, preaching in our large cities and elsewhere to immense crowds, and producing extraordinary effects upon his congregations. Dr. Kirk was of Presbyterian stock, and was educated at Princeton. Soon after entering upon his ministry he became a co-laborer with Mr. Finney and the Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy. In 1837 he went to Paris, where he founded the well-known American Chapel. In 1842 he settled in Boston, where for more than thirty years he was pastor of the Mount Vernon Church. He died on the 27th of March, at the ripe age of seventy-two years.

The war between the German government and the bishops is coming to extremities. Monseigneur Janiszewski, the assistant of the Archbishop of Posen, has been condemned to pay a fine of 300 thalers or to submit to imprisonment for excommunicating Herr Schroeter. The Archbishop of Cologne has been imprisoned. The Bishop of Treves was arrested in broad daylight, and on his way to the place of confinement—a cloister near his cathedral—passed large numbers of his flock. No resistance was made, however.

Contributions continue to pour in upon the Pope. A Mexican deputation recently brought him 10,000 ounces of gold.

An interesting event in Geneva was the recent marriage of the Abbé Chavard, the third curé of the city. It will be remembered that under the new laws the people of the canton have chosen their own pastors, and given them possession of the state Catholic churches. The ceremony was performed by Father Hyacinthe, and witnessed by a select company, among them some Americans.

No Christian community in proportion to its home resources does so much for missions as the Moravian Church. Its total of members in Germany, Bohemia, Great Britain, and America is 27,753, but its total in foreign missions is 69,139, making an aggregate of 96,892. The foreign missions are in Greenland, Labrador, West Indies, South Africa, Australia, and Himalaya. The total number of missionaries is 322; the whole number of servants of the church is about 702. Forty-five boarding-schools are maintained. The "Text-Book" for 1874 states that the home mission on the continent of Europe numbers "about 100,000 persons, who are in spiritual connection with the Moravians, but remain members of the state churches." The statistics of the American province for 1873 show a total of 8259 communicants, 1479 non-communicants over thirteen years of age, and 4999 children, making a total of 14,737. There are in all seventy churches; of these, two are in New York, and four in Philadelphia.

During his term of power Mr. Gladstone appointed ten bishops and eight deans. All the schools of Anglican opinion are represented in these appointments, though, it is claimed, with a predominance of the High-Church school.

The Old Catholics are having still farther successes in Germany, especially in Baden and the Palatinate. At Saarbrücken two hundred heads of families have united with them. An Old Catholic Union has been formed in Berlin with one hundred members. Societies have also been organized at Ratisbon, Osnabrück, Siegen, and Ludwigshafen. On the other hand, Bavaria has refused to give a legal recognition to Bishop Reinkens. The Concordat with the Pope is the alleged obstacle.

"Another evidence of the fruits of public-school education," says a correspondent of the *Catholic Review*. What is it, pray? Robbery or arson? Not at all; only this: the president of the Roman Catholic Library Association of Chicago, in a recent lecture on Rome, "advocated the separation of church and state," whereupon, says the correspondent, "he ought to have known that he was advocating an error condemned expressly by the Pope, who says in the Syllabus that the following statement is an error to be abhorred and shunned as men would shun the contagion of a fatal pestilence (Syllabus LV.): 'The church ought to be separated from the state and the state from the church.' But this abominable error is uttered before the Chicago Catholic Library Association by its president, and he has since neither recalled nor explained the matter, nor been called upon by the association to resign his position."

That is to say, the contented acceptance by Roman Catholics here of the condition of society under which they live is hostility to the Church. How soon will it be proclaimed their duty to destroy the frame-work of the American commonwealth and to unite the state with their Church?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* complains of the reckless disregard of the people in the use of the mail. Naturalists forward in fragile boxes lizards, tarantulas, and other dangerous reptiles and insects. Sometimes the boxes are broken open during the transit, and the crawling creatures pervade the mail-bags, to the annoyance of the clerks. Medicine bottles containing nauseous compounds are put into the mail, contrary, of course, to law. A short time ago, according to the *Bulletin*, a tall lady of Hibernian extraction entered the post-office, and elbowing her way to the clerk's window, put a live rooster under his very nose, and bade him tell her the postage on it to a town she mentioned. The clerk smilingly replied that the law did not permit live roosters to be transported by mail. The lady resented this intelligence with great indignation, but finally departed with the rooster on her shoulder, declaring she would have the law on the postmaster.

Measures are being taken to secure for New York city the possession of the Di Cesnola collection, which fills so prominent a place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At a recent meeting of the trustees of this institution, and of persons interested in art, it was stated that only $20,000 were needed, in addition to what had been already subscribed, to secure the permanence of the collection in America.

A new building is to be erected in Boston for the Young Men's Christian Union, and nearly $80,000 has been already subscribed for it.

During the month of March thirty large steamers left St. Johns, Newfoundland, for the seal fisheries off the Labrador coasts.

About one-third of Coomassie was destroyed by fire when the Ashantees surrendered. King Koffee's palace is described as a really handsome building, constructed of stone, and very solid. But apparently the king really occupied only one room—a low room on the ground-floor, hung with silk, and containing a bed and a divan. The rest of the building appeared to be used simply as a treasure-house, it being stored with many articles of value.

A monumental association has been formed by the colored people of Washington for the purpose of collecting funds to erect a Sumner monument. The suggested design is a life-size bronze statue representing Mr. Sumner as addressing the Senate, holding his Civil Rights Bill in his hand.

The desk at which Mr. Sumner was seated when assaulted by Brooks was given to him when the old Senate-chamber was exchanged for the new, and it has ever since occupied a place in his private study at Washington.

In Cairo, Egypt, broad streets have been laid out, modern edifices have been erected, gas has been introduced, and shops make a display of goods similar to those of London and Paris. This, however, is the appearance only in one part of the town. Turn into another section, and there is found a genuine Oriental city, with narrow lanes, where camels and donkeys dispute the way with foot-passengers.

We have just learned from an exchange that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will board with Queen Victoria until their house is ready for housekeeping! There will be stoves for the Duke to put up and carpets for Marie to put down, and when they get under way, Victoria will run in and help on washing and baking days.

Constant good nature was one of her distinguishing traits, and she had the happy faculty, through strong personal magnetism, of producing harmony from discord. On one occasion a pompous artist refused to perform a piece, because it was "placed too near the beginning of a programme." "Never mind," said she, "I will change places with him," which she did, receiving immense applause, and she never found that artist troublesome again. Who was this? Parepa-Rosa.

Among the trophies brought from Coomassie are the King of Ashantee's state umbrella and stool, the former of which has been presented to the Queen and the latter to the Prince of Wales. The umbrella is made of black and crimson velvet, with gold fringe. The stool is of wood, handsomely carved, and richly ornamented with silver.

Newspapers are getting up a discussion about the number of apples eaten by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, for lack of something better to talk about. One exchange makes the result as follows: "Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only." Another gives it: "Eve 8, and Adam 8 also; total 16." A third declares the above figures entirely wrong, arguing that if Eve 8 and Adam 8 2, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, differ. Some reason something like this: "Eve 8 1st, and Adam 8 2; total 163." But a Massachusetts paper inquires, "What could be clearer than if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2, the total was 893?" A question having such important practical bearings should be definitely settled.

London is about to organize a Sorosis with five hundred members. A peculiarity of this branch of the institution is that attached to it will be a "husband's hall," where the sterner sex may patiently await the adjournment of the meetings, ready to accompany their helpmeets home.

Legal blunders are sometimes sad and cruel. In 1855 one Samuel Ulm was sent to the Michigan State-prison on a life sentence, having been convicted of murder. It has just been discovered that he is innocent. But, alas! he is seventy years old, and worn with twenty years' weary imprisonment.

The new library of the city of Paris occupies a portion of the Hôtel Carnavalet, in the Rue Sévigné. Though but a poor substitute for the splendid collection of 125,000 volumes which was destroyed, it already contains 23,000 volumes or pamphlets, and 15,000 engravings. About 8000 of the books and 12,000 of the engravings have been presented to the library; the rest have been purchased. Only about one hundred volumes of the old library remain, these having been lent before the fire, and thus preserved.

A physician in a certain village had attained great reputation for weather wisdom. However, he was often heard to say, "The only infallible sign of rain I know, especially after a drought, is one I learned from an Indian: dark all around and pouring down in the middle."

Some one has recently published the following *data* in regard to the growth of men and women: Average weight of boys at birth, $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; average weight of girls at birth, $6\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; average weight of males at twenty, 143 pounds; average weight of females at twenty, 120 pounds. Men acquire greatest weight, on an average, at thirty-five, weighing 152 pounds; women, at fifty, weighing 128 pounds.

Bread, butter, coffee, tea, wine, pickles, sugar, and, in fact, almost every thing we use on our tables, is, or is likely to be, adulterated. But America has not yet quite reached to the English standard of adulteration. British butchers adulterate their turkeys!—an idea which we fancy will be entirely new to Americans in the same line of business. They ingeniously stuff them with pork, under the impression that consumers will not know the difference between turkey and pork. Perhaps some of them do eat the compound in innocent credulity, but other indignant purchasers have raised a breeze about such frauds.

An insane asylum was recently visited by the Legislative Committee; and this is the way they performed their duties:

One of the fatherly Senators stepped up to one of the young lady attendants, and said, "My poor girl, do you know how long you have been here?"

The "poor girl" smiled, and replied, "Nearly a year."

"How long do you think you will have to stay?" continued the Senator, in the same sympathetic tone.

"Well, Sir," continued the fair lunatic, "I shall probably stay till they stop my wages, or I get married;" and she walked away laughing.

The kind-hearted Senator looked after her with tears in his eyes, and murmured, "Poor thing! poor thing!" while the "poor thing" related the affair to the matron, and laughed till she cried.

LIVERPOOL—WAITING FOR THE FERRY-BOAT.

A LIVERPOOL FERRY.

On the shore of the river Mersey, opposite the great commercial city of Liverpool, lie several thriving towns, in which many of the Liverpool merchants reside. These towns are connected with the city by means of ferries, as New York is connected with Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other places. The ferry-boats, as may be seen by the illustrations on this page, are built on a different plan from the convenient double-enders that ply back and forth on the North and East rivers; but England having adopted the PULLMAN palace cars, may in time learn that a ferry-boat for short distances is not necessarily a miniature copy of a large river steamboat. These boats cross the river at intervals of fifteen minutes, and it is estimated that they carry between Liverpool and its suburbs on the opposite shore more than 10,000,000 passengers every year.

LIVERPOOL—ARRIVAL OF THE FERRY-BOAT.

"CATCHING."

Oh my! here's a fly on the sunny wall basking,
  Away from the March winds and out for a spree;
With a fine sudden dash he'll be mine for the asking
  I'm a dab at a catch, Sir, between you and me.

Hush! whish! he's away, and right merrily droning;
  'Tis only wild March, and he thinks it is May.
Here he is; if I miss, I'm not backward in owning
  I shall be what you think and I don't like to say.

"CAUGHT."

What, missed him! Again settled; now for another—
  The third chance is best. So! I have him quite fast
In the trap of my finger. I'll show Jack, my brother.
  What a bore! there's no more—and the fun is all past.

But 'tis thus all through life, in the man or the boy, Sir,
  Whether fourteen or forty; in game of each sort—
A fly or a fortune—you'll find with each try, Sir,
  More fun in the "Catching" than joy in the "Caught."

PUNCH AT HOME.—[See Page 342.]

PUNCH AT HOME.

The "Punch and Judy" show is not very well known in this country, but in Europe, especially in the rural districts of England, it is a very popular out-door entertainment during the warm seasons. In the lower illustration on page 341 we see the traveling showman at home, after the close of his summer tour. A rough, homely, often poorly educated, and all too vulgar race, the "itinerants" have just that capacity for expression, that readiness of art, that real appreciation of the wit and the kindliness of others, indulging their own prominent self-consciousness, which characterize "professionals" of every grade.

Who does not remember the wonderful picture of the meeting of the itinerants at the tavern where little Nell and her grandfather were staying? There is sure to be room for the stage and the dramatic company in some shed or barn; and the village ale-house will afford a lodging. Then the woman's face becomes sunburnt again, and the baby at her shoulder turns to a ripe brown; while the girl who trots by her side, holding to her gown, loses the pallid look that came of that attic in the big town where they stopped for repairs, where the only bit of country to be seen was a long way off, and the sickly plant on the window-sill couldn't thrive in the sooty air; but then they were so badly off there, too, for their principal meal came down to a bit of bread-and-butter and a herring, with a cup of tea, and what with the show and the box and the big drum, there was hardly room to turn; but there, if people can only keep their hearts up, and be kind to one another, the sunshine comes after all, and, as Mr. Punch says, "with a little encouragement we go on again."

NEW YORK CHARITIES.

In this city of one million inhabitants there are sixty thousand girls and forty thousand married women who earn their own bread; that is, they used to earn in prosperous times an average sum of $3 44 per week, with which to pay rent, clothe themselves, and live. One who appreciates the enormous rentals in New York will find it difficult to calculate how a human being can subsist upon such a sum, and yet have strength and heart to work. There are depths in which miracles are produced, and poverty calculates by instinct, discerns as by a revelation, and in its expedients attains a something almost sublimity. In the light of the present those were gala days. Now the streets are filled with destitute girls, factory and workshop doors are closed on every hand, and sixty thousand women are struggling without work and without means to preserve life in their bodies from day to day.

On such occasions as these the applicants for shelter come thick and fast to St. Barnabas House, 304 Mulberry Street, of which we give an illustration on page 336, where the Episcopalian Sisters of Mercy await meekly at the door, receiving with words of cheer and kindly greeting their unfortunate sisters, the waifs from the street. Inebriety is the only thing that has power to drive one away from that door, over which is written, "Peace be to this house."

"Fifty beds," the matron tells us, "are all we have in the house, and we are so crowded! Many nights the floors are covered by women and young girls, who are more than grateful for shelter and a blanket or any covering we can provide. We give them food, and those who arrive earlier in the evening retire at nine o'clock. Of course others come in later, and from time to time. We have altogether to-night fifty-five in the house."

There are very many of these homeless ones who find shelter at the Girls' Lodging-house in St. Mark's Place. There is a school attached to this institution, where girls are taught to use the sewing-machine, and lodgers who have money are expected to pay six cents each for meals and six cents for their bed. There are fifty-three beds here in all, and though but thirty-five were required on an average during the months of May and June, the average number of lodgers now is greatly in excess of the beds, and constantly increasing. The matron, a pleasant little woman, invites us to the sitting-room, where are gathered numerous young ladies out of employment, most of them from the country. And here and there one richly and fashionably dressed, who was to have been met at the steamboat or cars by friends going from or arriving in the city, and who, failing to find them, and penniless, was sent hither by some police officer. There are in one corner near the matron a pair of elves, one with great black eyes and dark tresses, and the other with blue eyes and golden hair, and they listen with quaint looks and bursts of merriment to a little Scotch boy no bigger than themselves, who is playing the flute very prettily for the amusement of the assemblage. These children are all partially or wholly orphaned. As we leave the building two young girls, who had been to Fall River to work in the factories there, but on account of the cessation of work were forced back to the city, enter and engage the matron in conversation. They tell their simple story, and straightway they are taken into the bosom of this household of waifs.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

Manhattan, Kan., April 8, 1873.

R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

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Mrs. E. R. Daly, Metropolis, Ill., writes, Jan. 9th, 1873: "Dr. R. V. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

Mary Ann Frisbie, Lehman, Pa., writes, May 29, 1872: "Dr. R. V. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills."

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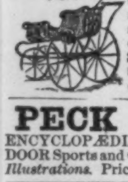
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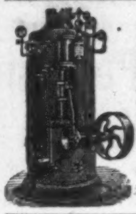
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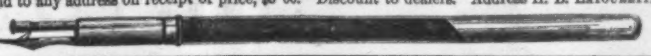

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ROBERT BROWNING.

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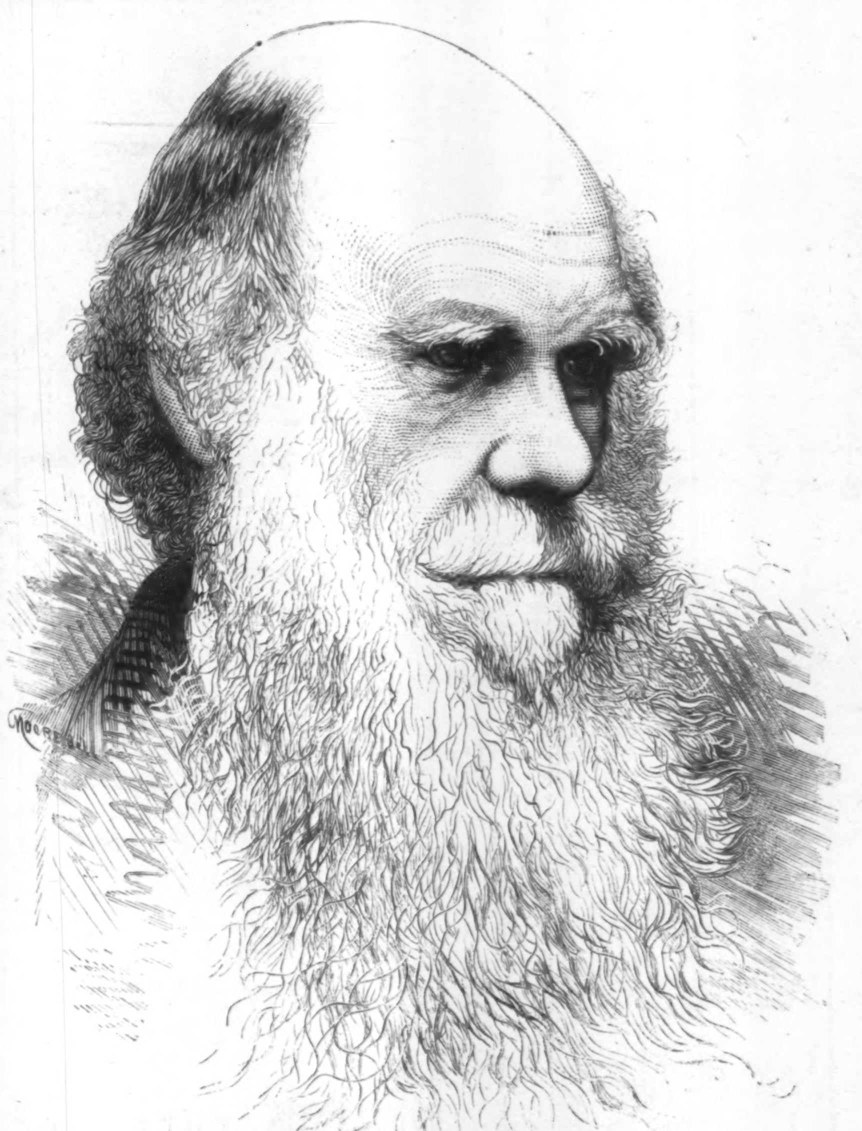


CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Moravian Church was first established in this country by a colony of the "United Brethren" from Herrnhut, in Saxony. This colony went to Georgia in 1735, but being opposed to bearing arms against the Spaniards in Florida, with whom five years after war was declared, they removed to Nazareth, on the Delaware River, and in 1741, having purchased five hundred acres on the Lehigh River, commenced the settlement, to which at Christmas of that year Count ZINZENDORF gave the name of Bethlehem.

It became a great centre of missionary enterprise among the German settlers and Indians. With the latter the Moravians were very successful, but the various wars and the action of unscrupulous whites at last put an end to the good work in Pennsylvania, as the same influences have done ever since in other parts of our country.

The Moravian religion is a simple form of Christianity. It originated in the appearance of some persecuted Waldenses (exiles from Piedmont) in Bohemia and Moravia, A.D. 1176. From that time till the establishment of the church in America the Moravians were subject to the persecutions of the Roman Catholics.

The service of the Moravian Church is impressive, accompanied by much singing, and the occasional addition of string and wind instruments to the organ accompaniment. The congregation rises in prayer. The funeral ceremonies are peculiar. When a Moravian dies the trombone-players give funeral marches and hymns from the church steeple. By the music the initiated can tell if the deceased be male or female, old or young, etc. At the grave-yard, after services in the church, the trombones head the funeral procession, playing, and accompany the singers in the services at the grave.

On Easter morning special services are held at daybreak in the grave-yard, at which the trombones assist. These instruments also announce from the steeple the love-feasts, of which there are some for the brothers, the single sisters, the children, etc., and others to which all are invited. At such times the old church kitchen is in requisition, and buns and hot coffee distributed, with appropriate services. On the next page we give illustrations of these interesting features of Moravian life.

The borough of Bethlehem is pleasantly situated on the Lehigh at its junction with the Monocacy, a small but picturesque stream which rises in the Blue Ridge.

There is much that is quaint and interesting in the old buildings and institutions of the Moravians, although the flavor of exclusiveness has passed away, and the march of improvement is gradually destroying the antique.

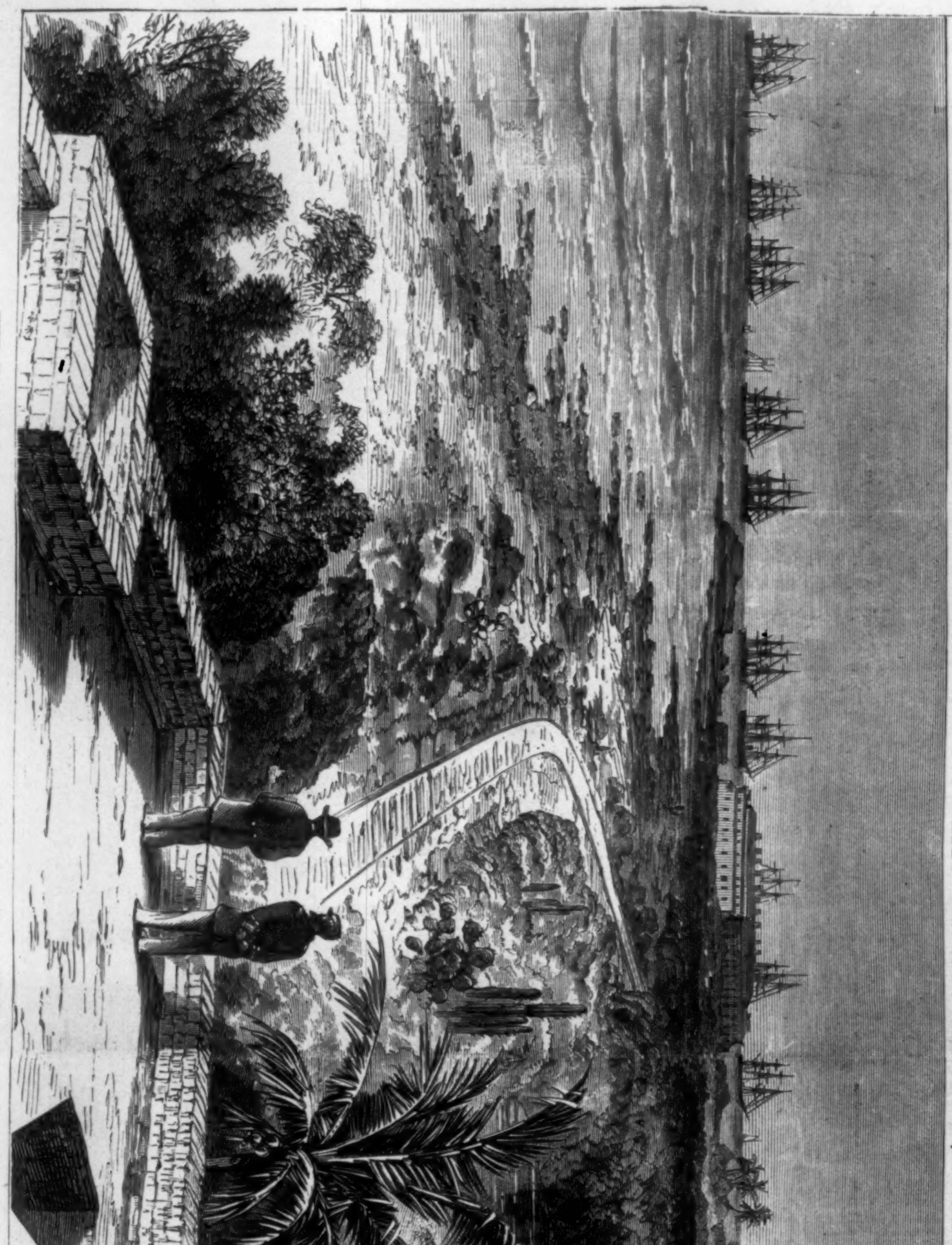
Churches of various denominations lift their spires above the embowered streets and houses, where forty years ago only Moravian doctrine was allowed. The establishment of the Bethlehem Iron-works, the Lehigh University, the Zinc-works, and of the depôts of three railroads, has materially interfered with the former exclusiveness of the sect, while adding immensely to the prosperity and resources of the borough.

The dialect called Pennsylvania Dutch is still in common use. There are many people living in the neighboring farming districts whose parents were born in this country but who can not speak English. These American descendants of the early Moravian settlers maintain the charming simplicity of manners by which their ancestors were marked in the Old World. They are temperate, virtuous, and industrious. To visit their village is like going into a new world, whose inhabitants are totally different from ourselves in manners and customs; but they can hardly be expected to maintain this Arcadian simplicity.

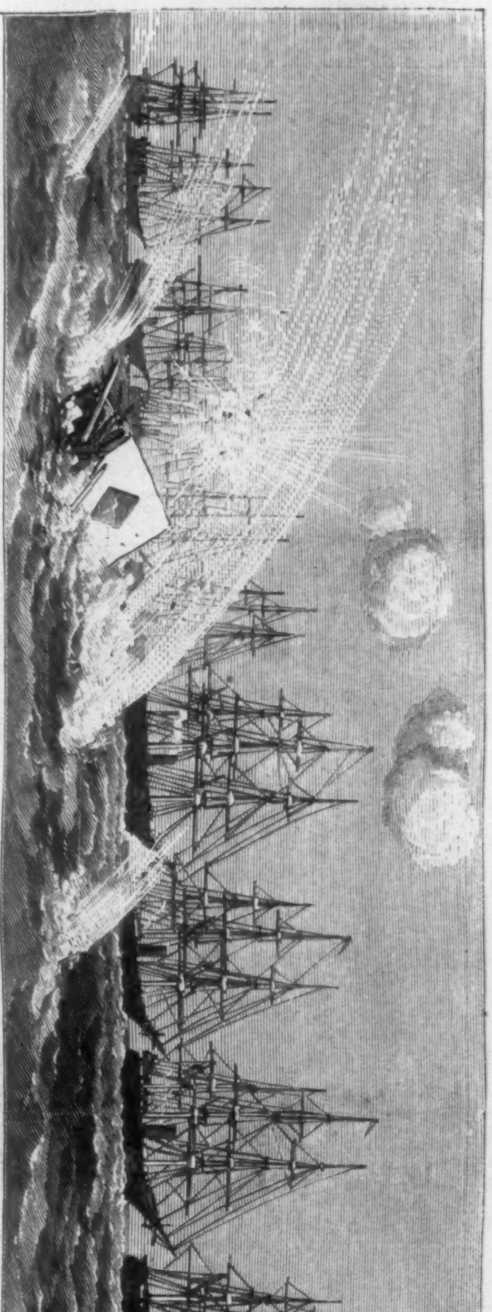
ROBERT BROWNING.

DEAN STANLEY.

THE MORAVIANS AT BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 345.]



THE NAVAL REVIEW—KEY WEST, FROM THE MARTELLO TOWER—FORT TAYLOR AND FLEET IN THE DISTANCE.—DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—[SEE PAGE 348.]



FLEET TARGET PRACTICE, FLORIDA BAY.